Sir Josia Royal 1817

The Improved Work.

THE Sporting Magazine

OR

MONTHLY CALENDAR

OF THE

TRANSACTIONS OF

THE TURF, THE CHACE,

And every other Diversion

Interesting to the

Man of Pleasure, Enterprize & Sp

VOL. 22.

London.

Printed for J. Wheble, 18, Warwick Square.

1803.

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MAN OF PLEASURE, ENTERPRISE, AND SPIRIT.

FOR APRIL, 1803.

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Embellished with a View of M. A. L'Etang's Repository, in Calcutta.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The Description of Mr. Porter's celebrated Picture of the Battle of Lodi, came too late for insertion in the present Number, but will appear in the next.

A Communication accompanying the above, from an Old Correspondent, is in the same predicament; but willing, *mimo subservire,* the subject may be resumed whenever opportunity shall occur.

A List of Latin Signatures, assumed by polemical authors, is deemed obsolete. There are many *bald writers* still in being; but none would adopt the signature of *Calvus.*

The Anecdote of Mental Reservation, has been repeatedly told without the least *reserve.*

The Communication from Stratford-on-Avon may be found under the head of Fox-Hunting.

Upon Firing at Marks in our next.

The Account of the Funeral of Thomas Moody, on whom the Ballad in our Poetical Department for this Month was written, appeared in the Sporting Magazine for December, 1796.

Dulwichensis, a Correspondent, remarks, that both the Monthly and Sporting Magazines must surely have made an error of the press, in the account of Mr. Brown's horses, given by Mr. Lawrence, where it is strangely expressed, that an old horse was seen dying by inches, " during *seven* weeks." Doubtless Mr. L. must have written *several* weeks. " In fact," says our Correspondent, " I was a disgusted spectator, among others, of this miserable scene. The horse belonged to Mr. S.; and, instead of thirty, as Mr. L. has stated, I have been lately assured, he was upwards of forty years of age, before Mr. S. turned him off."

Frontispiece to Vol. 2.

Setters.

THE

SPORTING MAGAZINE;

FOR APRIL, 1803.

VIEW
OF
M. A. L'Etang's Repository in Calcutta.

An Engraving to face this Page.

WITH the drawing of Young Patrician, from which an Engraving was given in our 123d Number for December last, we received an Elevation and Ground Plan of M L'Etang's Repository. The latter we could not use; but the other is here given. The writing under the drawing was—

"View taken the 29th of July, 1801, when the Most Noble Marquis Wellesley, K. P. Governor-General, &c. &c. honoured the Repository with a visit.

"Dedicated to Charles Cockerel, Esq. who, conjointly with Sir Charles Blunt, Bart. projected and liberally encouraged and patronized the undertaking."

The gentleman who made the original drawings is Mr. Pichon, a resident at Calcutta, and of whose taste and talents we conceive a very high opinion.

It may here be proper to express our gratitude for the loan of the drawings; and should we be honoured with any future favours in the same way, it shall be our study to do credit to them, by procuring masterly engravings.

A few fine proof impressions of the *Repository*, and of *Patrician*, are reserved for connoisseurs.

MR. RICHARD KNIGHT,
Late Huntsman to Earl Spencer.

Whose Portrait was given in our Magazine for October last.

HAVING been prevented by a combination of unexpected circumstances from performing our promise of an earlier account of this celebrated Huntsman, we avail ourselves of the first possible opportunity to communicate to our friends such traits of superiority in his vocation and excellence in the field, as cannot fail to gratify their wishes. The sporting hero of these memoirs, was humbly descended, and took his first view of the world, at Rode, a small village in the county of Northampton, where, by the industrious endeavours of his

 friends,

friends; he was intended to have displayed his manual abilities in the character of a country cordwainer, or in other words a maker of shoes; nature, however, revolted at the idea, the "soul of Richard" became superior to the grovelling suggestion, and he felt the impressive impulse, that he should find himself more agreeably and more firmly fixed in a seat upon the saddle, than upon the hard stool of repentance, paying his incessant devoirs to the awl, and the lapstone.

With a mind thus elate and prepared for a more active life, he was admitted into the stables of the late Lord Spencer as a helper, from which happy period he conceived his fortune as a sportsman completely made, and which he afterwards found most amply verified. From this subordinate situation, his steadiness, sobriety, and punctuality soon insured promotion; in a very short time after his introduction, his attachment to the hounds, horses, and sport, rendered his services of so much importance to the establishment, that he made his appearance in the field under the new appointment of a whipper in. The hounds at that time were hunted by a Richard Knight, but not related in any degree to the subject of this essay; and Samuel Dimbledon, now living, was his cotemporary as fellow whipper in.

Mr. Richard Knight, of whom we are now treating, is the son of a William Knight, who was acknowledged a most capital Huntsman of that time, and hunted the fox hounds of the late Robert Andrew, Esq. of Harlston Park in Northamptonshire, who died in 1739; but the hunting establishment was continued by his successor. These hounds, when hunted by William, the father of the present Richard, happening to find a fox in tally ho! covert, near the famed Naseby Field, William, in his great anxiety to lay close to the hounds, received a blow from the branch of a tree, which instantly deprived him of an eye; this loss, however, in the heat of the chase remained undiscovered, till having ran the fox to ground at Holdenby; the hounds in scratching at the earth, threw some dirt or sand into the other eye, at which moment he perceived he had totally lost the sight of that where the blow from the bow was received.

In the year 1756 these hounds belonging to the present Robert Andrew, Esq. hunted a bag fox, which was turned out near Ravensthorpe, and killed near Towcester, after a long and excellent run. This chase was the first ever rode by the late Lord Spencer, who immediately after purchased a pack of fox hounds; and, as is reported by some, took the said William, the father of Richard, to hunt them; which is, however, a deviation from the true state of the transaction. Upon the death of Knight, the late Earl Spencer's original Huntsman, the powers of the present Richard were called into action; he was appointed to the supreme command; from which lucky hour may be dated the origin of all his future greatness in the field, where, it should seem, nature had intended him to become the most conspicuous. During the number of years he continued in a department of so much sporting importance, no man in such situation could have been entitled to more respect, or held in higher estimation.

His abilities as a Huntsman stood the test of nice investigation, with the most experienced judges, for the long term of between twenty and thirty years, at the close of which it was universally admitted his qualifications were not to be exceeded.

exceeded. Although his weight was constantly increasing—till it nearly reached eighteen stone—he was always a fair and bold rider, being invariably well in with the hounds, and it was admitted, in making his way across a country, particularly upon an emergency, his equal has never been seen. For the most part he possesed or retained the *suaviter in modo*, but at times there was a little austere acidity, which constituted a drawback. This might probably have proceeded from the adulation of some high characters who servilely sought to court his attention in the field; or to the pesterings of those juvenile popinjays, who, with "an infinite deal of nothing," are always endeavouring to attract the attention of a Huntsman from the sport to some ridiculous frivolities of their own. His voice was remarkably fine, and his language to the hounds melodious and attracting. Under all which excellence, it can create no surprize, that he continued in his situation till a revolution took place in the establishment; when his official functions ceased.

After having unremittingly persevered as Huntsman to the late and present Earl Spencer, for the number of years before mentioned, the hounds, passing under the denomination of the Pichely Pack, were disposed of, with every thing appertaining, to Mr. Warde; under whose management, liberality, and hospitality, they have attained the reputation of being at the present day the most perfect in the kingdom. At the time of transfer, the farther services of Mr Knight were dispensed with, and he has retired to enjoy himself upon a small farm, near Thrapston, in his native county; where, in high health and spirits, at sixty years of age, he lives universally respected. And should the hounds once more revert to their former owner, of which there is a rumour and much expectation, there can be no doubt but Mr. Knight's sporting abilities, notwithstanding his advanced time of life, will again be called into action.

MORLAND's HUNTING PIECES.

WE should have before noticed four large prints on hunting subjects from original paintings by that extraordinary genius Mr. George Morland.—The prints are engraved in mezzotinto by Mr. Bell, in his best manner, the size 20 inches by 26, and form a set of prints that should be seen in the hall or parlour of every true fox hunter in the kingdom. The designs are truly original; and in proof of their value, the paintings were sold after the engravings were published, at Tom's Coffee house, for near two hundred pounds.

ROYAL CHASE.

IT cannot be unobserved by our Sporting friends, what a want of accuracy there generally appears in the diurnal literary vehicles of sporting intelligence; this can only arise from the weakness of the engines affording the information; strangers to the different tracts of country, as well as to the names of rustic mansions and their opulent possessors, the reporters seem to communicate a much greater proportion of fertility than of fact.

Saturday, April 2. His Majesty, attended by his equerries, reached Ascot Heath about ten o'clock, where Lord Sandwich attended in his official capacity, with the stag hounds

hounds ready, and a carted deer in waiting. Immediately after the arrival of his Majesty, the stag was turned out; and, breaking view with Hatchet-lane on the left, the hounds were laid on, and the scent laying well upon the heath, the pack lay so well at him, that he instantly took to the inclosures, and topped all the lofty intervening fences, till reaching the verdant turf of Winkfield Plain, he crossed it at his utmost speed, took the paling of Windsor Great Park, and soon running into a herd of fallow deer constituted a temporary confusion, till after some delay, the hunted deer was singled out, and the original chase renewed. Soon after the hounds were again laid on, he re-leaped the Park Paling near Sand-pit Gate; turning to the left, he ran that part of Cranbourn Chace, till the leading hounds pressing closely upon him, he once more leaped into the Great Park, and making directly for the sheet of water, crossed it below Cumberland Lodge; going entirely round which, with the hounds close at his haunches, he by a most wonderful exertion leaped into the garden, but in leaping out again, had so far exhausted himself, that the hounds running up to him, he was safely secured after a very entertaining chase of two hours, with but very trifling interruption.

On Easter Monday his Majesty, attended by Generals Gwynne and Manners, reached Ascot Heath about the usual time, where full two hundred horsemen, and a great number of carriages filled with beautiful feminines, were ready to receive him. The morning being exceedingly fine, the feelings of every individual, seemed exhilarated to an equal degree of sympathetic enthusiasm. The deer, upon being liberated amidst the congratulations and exclamations of so numerous an assemblage, made his first point for Sunning Hill Wells; but, turning suddenly to the left, he topped Mr. Crutchley's Park fence, through his park and wood, till reaching the left of Winkfield Plain, he headed, bore to the left, skirted Warfield, passed Bracknall, and over the heath by South Hill Park, Swinley Lodge, and Tower Hill, where he made a direct double over Bagshot Heath, the leading hounds running breast high and with great speed, so that horses were seen gradually declining wherever the chase had been carried along, in consequence of the great heat, and the breaking away of the hounds, which it was not always in the power of the yeomen prickers to stop; passing Bagshot, West End, and Chobham, he was taken in a small mill stream at Horsell, after an admirable run of near three hours, during which the hounds were observed to tail so much from the excessive heat and thirst, that upon the open heath, the team was sometimes not so little as a mile in length, and of horsemen it was more than double that distance.

The second hunt in Easter week was attended with circumstances of a more variegated complexion, a favourite deer was turned out with similar ceremony, and at the same spot. After a momentary survey of the numerous company, and a view of the open and immense tract before him, he went off in gallant style for Bagshot Park, but reaching the summit of the hills, he made a turn to the right, crossed the outlines of Cæsar's Camp, passed South Hill and through Easthampstead Park, to the very spot where he had been twice before taken when run up. Here great anxiety prevailed lest he should again stop, and the chase be so soon at an end; the despondency though general was however unnecessary, for, upon the hounds getting near him, he went off

with

with renovated speed, leaving Bracknall to the right, and taking the inclosures he passed through the whole chain, by Warfield and Winkfield churches, over Winkfield Plain, Cranbourne Woods, St. Leonard's Hill, and into the stream at Clewer Mill. Here the hounds were drawn off for a few minutes. till leaving the water, they were again laid on and the chase renewed. Finding the hounds gaining ground upon him, he made for the water, and in the deepest part crossed the Thames. The great struggle between the emulous and holiday sportsman, was now who should have the credit of being the first through the towns of Windsor and Eaton, to attract the gaze and excite the smiles of the giggling spinsters, each anxious to have a sportsman in her arms. The hounds having got round, were laid upon the scent on the Buckinghamshire side, but the deer declining farther adventure in the open country, soon doubled, and regaining the Thames, took soil in the deepest part near Surly Hall with a brace of the leading hounds so close at his haunches, that they soon seized him, and would have inevitably drowned him, but for the timely assistance of a neighbour in a punt boat, who rescued him from the hounds with his boat-hook, and he was secured without the least injury after a most capital chase, three hours of which was excellent running.

FOX HUNTING.

To the Editor of the Sporting Magazine.

SIR,

THE following remarkable circumstance which happened to Mr. Corbet's fox hounds, may not be unacceptable for your entertaining Magazine, I am, &c.

ON Easter Monday, Mr. Corbet's fox hounds, found a fox at the Lynch Woods, and run him in one hour, to Lord Hertford's Park, where they pressed him so close that he took the great water, and at the same time three colts swam across; as soon as the fox got to shore, he run through a herd of deer every hound viewing him; when, being pressed hard, he leaped through the window into Lady Hertford's beautiful ornamental dairy, close to the house, many of the hounds followed and killed him, to the great satisfaction of a numerous field of sportmen: the whole scene was beautiful beyond description.

Stratford-on-Avon,
April 12, 1803.

THE Hempsted hounds, says a correspondent, beat all the world. A brace of foxes were unkennelled by them on Easter Monday; the hounds divided; three couple went off with the horsemen, the other two couple were left in the wood, and after a few minutes pressing, the fox was forced to fly cover; the former run twenty minutes and was lost. The latter, after half an hour's burst, was killed, to the no small pleasure of the rustics, who only were present, till Mr. A. came up in search of his hounds.

HARRIERS.

AMIDST the frequent and fashionable transfer of hounds, horses, and estates, occasioned by an overwhelming attachment to the turf, or a prepossessing predilection for the "hazard of the die," the pack of Robert Andrew, Esq. of Harlstone Park, in the county of Northampton, mentioned in our memoirs of Mr. Richard Knight,

Knight, have been maintained in the same family for a century past, with the most unsullied, true, old English hospitality, by the present proprietor and his universally respected predecessors. Hounds so long accustomed to the same management, and to the same country, may naturally be concluded equal to any in the kingdom. To the distinguished liberality and sporting energy of the owner, so well known in every part of the surrounding country, may be added the admitted excellence of his hounds, and the wonderful runs they constantly have in their own district, where the hares are known to afford better chases, and to stand longer before hounds, than in almost any other part of the kingdom.

On the 3d of March, with a numerous field of horsemen for the conclusion of the season, a hare was started in the liberty of Holdenbury, and the hounds being near her, when she got up, she was prevented from an attempt at either head or double, having no alternative but to face the open country and break away in fox-like style before the hounds; the scent laying well, and the hounds running breast-high, the chase afforded no chance of shifting or shuffling, but every man who indulged a hope of laying any where within sight, or hearing of the pack, was obliged to take leaps, and fences in stroke of the most dangerous description. The hare having in the first burst and alarm, been pressed from the tract of which she had a perfect knowledge, continued her career in a direct line across the country, to the inexpressible happiness of the boldest riders, while others despondingly declined, and were left in almost every direction behind. The chase was one of the severest ever seen with barriers, the hare having crossed several different Lordships, with almost unprecedented fortitude, and the most incredible exertions to save her life, which, however, she was unable to effect, falling a victim to the steady and fleet pack, after an uninterrupted run of two hours; to have been present at and gone through which, would have been no disgrace to the first fox-hunter in the universe.

To the Editors of the Sporting Magazine.

GENTLEMEN,

TAKING a ride lately, to see an old friend, who resides on the Surry hills, I was informed, that Mr. Stapylton, in that neighbourhood (Croydon bottom) had then, in tackle, the largest yearling bred colt in England, I accompanied my friend to view this famous colt, and found him entirely deserving the character which common fame had given of him. He is in colour a light bay, of vast size, got by Pipator, and engaged in next year's Derby stakes. We may, probably, by and by, be obliged with a portrait of him, in your Magazine, a repository of the likenesses of eminent horses. Mr. Stapylton has already refused SIX HUNDRED GUINEAS for him.

I am, &c. DITCH IN.

COCKING.

A DOUBLE day's play of sixteen cocks was fought at the Military Arms, Gosport, on Monday, 11th April, 1803, between the gentlemen of Portsmouth, Horwood feeder; and the gentlemen of Gosport, Frood feeder; for five guineas a battle, and fifty pounds the main, which was won by Gosport, four a-head. The knowing ones were taken in, as the odds before going to pit was seven to four and two to one, on Portsmouth.

A BATTLE,

A BATTLE,

Between Six Men of the Inniskilling Foot, and a Boy of the Berkshire Militia.

OUR Correspondent, in an account of a late Tour to the West, referring to the day concerning which he had written, that it had nearly terminated with a dreadful tragedy, says—" A reputable inhabitant of Southampton invited me to take with him a cup of home-brewed, at Mr. Saunders's, the Blue Pig, in East-street. We were blowing our biscars, and warmly commending the beverage that gives a brilliant complexion to the cheek of the country lass, that nerves the arm of our peasantry, and stimulates our Britons to battle, when there entered our room six privates of the Inniskilling Foot. They were all clean, well dressed men, and politely begged pardon for taking their seats at our table, which they had not done had there been room for them in the kitchen. Being not over fastidious, we gave them welcome, and turned to our own business and conversation, while our new neighbours called for plenty of Mr. Saunders's stingo.

From small beginnings mighty things aspire,
What *then* in smoke began, *now* ends in fire.

What a bewitching devil is too much liquor! It is the key that unlocks the heart of imprudence, and lets out all the secrets of the soul. Whatever traits of folly mingle in our composition, liquor presents them to the judicious observer with all their deformities.

The good ale now began to operate with our Hibernian companions: modest diffidence became wholly banished; when one of our pot-valiant heroes protested, no regiment in the service was so brave as the Inniskillings; that they would fight all the armies of hell, headed by the great devil himself: and then they began all together to talk of the wonders they had done with the Duke of York, in Flanders, during the last campaign, and what they would do the next, if led on by that brave commander. From boasting, they sunk to a greater folly, masculine salutation! and absolutely would have confounded me with an Irish kiss! but I kept my man at arm's-length, assuring him, that although man-kissing might be thought very polite in his country, in mine it is detestable; that, if a female of his country had offered me such a favour, I should have thought myself highly honoured; but to take it from him, only disgraced me. More liquor was called for; every face became inflamed, and now, becrimsoned like the western sky at a summer-setting sun, their noise and folly soon brought up the landlord. They were requested to keep the peace or quit the house: at length they were forced from it. In their retreat, one of them struck a tight lad of the Berkshire militia, quartered at the Blue Pig. A bloody battle soon ensued: four of these Inniskilling heroes fled, but two stood their ground to engage the Berkshire Boy, who played his part so well, that one of the boasters measured his own length, and could not rise from the ground to account for it; while the other was so dreadfully mauled that the blood flowed from his wounds as from the scuppers of a slaughter-house, and my right hand was covered with the purple *exuviæ*. I have heard that revenge is peculiar to base minds—I mean not to be national; but our Inniskilling hero drew his side-arms; and, with an aspect more ferocious than ever fell from the pencil of Fuseli, flew towards the triumphant Berkshire Boy,

Boy, and had certainly sent his bayonet through the heart of the lad, if one, at the hazard of his life, had not forced it from the Inniskilling. An officer was sent for, and the sanguinary brute hurried away to his barracks. A calm instantly succeeded this dreadful storm: we wiped the blood from our clothes, talked over the provocation; and, after commenting on the beastly habits of drunkenness, and the fatal consequences, retired from the scene of action, wishing well to the brave Boy of Berkshire.

J. N.

For the Sporting Magazine.

HONEST PETER,

A

REMARKABLE CHARACTER.

THE subject of the following lines was reared up in the uniform habits of industrious labour. He was a peaceable, as well as an honest man, and by nature and education was well fitted for those laborious employments through which kings and their subjects are supplied with bread and the essential necessaries of life. He was as well adapted by nature for those useful employments, as others are for the just defence of their king and country, when hostile attempts or invasions are in agitation. But honest Peter, meeting heart wounding vexation, where he had a just right and title to expect tenderness and affectionate treatment, in 1795, enlisted, under Colonel Robinson, into the Loyal Suffolk Fencibles. In the month of October last, he returned to his father and mother in a state of deep decline; and, on the 15th instant, March 1803, resigned up his existence, in the most tranquil state of mind, well satisfied and much pleased to yield his breath in his own native village, and under the roof of his father's cottage; —a man of unceasing industry—a man of peace and content, and of sound judgment—a man worthy to be held up as an example to all the laborious inhabitants of these kingdoms. And the kind and ready attendance he met with from his aged mother—a woman whose mild and peaceable disposition, and obedient conduct, deserves the highest applause, and would nearly obliterate all remembrance of those who inherit the perverseness similar to that of the invader of poor Peter's serenity—assuaged the pain, weakness, and affliction of Peter, and smoothed his bed of death.

FREEDOM LOST AND REGAINED.

HONEST PETER, to comfort him, took him a wife;
But she prov'd a cross piece, and the plague of his life,
A rib rough and crooked, a thorn in his side,
And he sorely repented the knot he had tied:
He groan'd in his heart, utter'd many a sigh,
Because the drawn noose he could never untie:
But he thought to slip thro' it, if any such thing;
So he 'listed to fight for his country and king;
And he left his cross rib, who never was kind,
To grumble and growl, as she thought fit, behind.
But she, full nor-fasting, was never content;
So she pack'd up her alls, and after him went.
But Peter was greatly obliged by death,
Who, in three little months, put a stop to her breath;

Which

Which gave to poor Peter his freedom and ease;
He could eat, drink, and sleep, and rise too, as he'd please.
Sweet freedom, delightful! thou soother of life,
Thou giv'st more content than a vexatious wife.
Ye wives be admonish'd, nor merit the rod
Of language severe, nor the judgment of God:
Be mild and engaging, smile, sing, sometimes laugh;
But ne'er wound the soul of your painstaking half:
You are bone of his bone, when once made his bride;
Then don't prove a rankling thorn in his side;
But engagingly soften the cares of his life,
And shew that you merit the name of a wife.
But enough of this preaching, which few will admire,
But after the sequel, perhaps, will inquire.
The favours of fortune do sometimes flow double,
Giving freedom and easement from sorrow and trouble;
As Peter experienc'd—for peace was proclaim'd,
And his liberty Peter then fully attain'd.
He return'd to his friends, with them gave up life,
And here he is laid, fifty leagues from his wife;
Since for ever, so far death has fix'd them asunder,
If they quarrel again, it will be the world's wonder.

The above is literally true. The parents, whom I have mentioned, are my very near neighbours. He was buried this evening, March the 18th.

A. B.

Stambourn, March 18, 1803.

DEAD ALIVE.

" *Raw-head and bloody Bones, Ghosts, Witches, fearful Sights, Shrieks by Moon light, horrible Appearances in the Dark, Scratching Fannies, rattling of Tea-cups.*"

THE following circumstance, in a credulous and superstitious age, would have been ranked in the chronicles of the times as a supernatural and miraculous occurrence; in the present, for it happened very lately, it had no other effect, even amongst the ignorant, than to excite a temporary surprise and discussion, and then pass silently into oblivion. The present writer records what his own eyes and ears witnessed.

A London mechanic of some little property, having, very early in life, totally exhausted his constitution by irregularities, retired to the outskirts of the town, with the view of retrieving his health by draughts of pure oxygen, not indeed exhibited by expensive chemical apparatus, in driblets, but copiously inhaled from the common atmosphere. He entertained, beside, the good old notion, that to strengthen himself, nothing farther was necessary, than to stuff his maw with such as are called good things; and, had success depended on the quantity of the medicine received, no man could have stood a better chance. The quantity of calf's foot jelly, soups, rice, oysters, chocolate, thick milk, and other good things, diluted with wine and ale, which, exclusive of his regular meals, this sick man devoured daily, would exceed all belief, were they particularized. The good things, however, did this patient no other good, than to confirm his debility,

and hasten his deliverance. They had, however, the effect of acting as a stimulus to one of the most diabolical tempers in nature; and the man, in a fit of raging fury, burst a blood-vessel, and perished amidst torrents of blood gushing from his mouth and ears. The character of the man, and the terrible mode of his death, heightened by the execretions he uttered, had no doubt well prepared the minds of the people of the house for what was to happen. He died in the morning, and was, in the afternoon of the same day, put into a strong elm coffin, which was placed on a large deal table, the lid of the coffin being laid securely on, but a little aperture left for air at the head. About twelve, the next day, a mighty and sudden noise was heard in the room, as if the floor were beat in; and the consternation of the people of the house was extreme. In a half joke, it was said, the alarm could proceed from no other cause, than the devil coming for the soul, if not the body, of the wicked man, and that his holiness meant to take the whole room with him. No one had the courage to mount up to the room where the corpse was deposited, until evening, when the master of the house came home. Unlocking the door, he found the noise had proceeded simply from the coffin lid, massy and heavy as it was, falling on the floor. How such a thing could happen, was matter of curious conjecture. It was so securely laid on, that nothing short of considerable force could move it: the chamber door was locked, and not even a cat could have access to the room The circumstance can in no possible way be accounted for, than in the supposition that the man was alive when put in the coffin, and that, in consequence of a struggle in the agonies of death, his convulsive arms heaved up the lid, and violently threw it down on the floor.

As another proof that premature interment may occasionally happen in this country, as well as Spain, where it must most assuredly happen full often—a tailor, in Marybone, some years since apparently died, and his loving wife provided him a very handsome coffin, to the stitching up of which, however, the tailor, somewhat recovered by his nap, demurred, assuring them, *viva voce*, they made more haste than was agreeable. He was nevertheless so well pleased with the vehicle which he had essayed, that he kept it by him several years, and was finally buried in it.

A GHOST SEER.

Broad Sanctuary.

HUNTING OUR ANCESTORS!

O! partial Fortune, what a jilt art thou!
Fools are thy fav'rites! 'tis to them you spare;
While modest merit bends the bashful brow,
And feels the pang that's only known to care.

A FEW miles to the north-west of Axminster is the seat of Sir John P——, Baronet. The building is very capacious, and exhibits, without and within, great splendour and magnificence. Beside other pictures, here are many excellent portraits, principally of the family; but most of these have been much injured, not by time, but by a more destructive enemy—by folly!

In the year 1780, when their High and Mightinesses the Mobs of

of London, were playing their devilish tricks in that great city, Sir John and his merry companions were performing similar atrocities at this divine mansion, fit for gods!

In the great hall of the P——s, have been hanging, for many generations, the portraitures of an honourable race of progenitors, pleasantly reminding the curious traveller, by their *costume*, of the various changes of fashion, as she has been pleased to follow, through space, the busy wings of time; and these were ever subjects of a quiet government, till the last possessor thought proper to bring about a revolution, and place legislators, heroes, and magistrates, on a level with the lowest order of things.

The Honourable Baronet, it seems, with his *quondam* friends, being one morning disappointed of the pleasures of the chase, by the insolence of the surly elements, Sir John, and his Nimrodian phalanx, determined to hunt these unoffending shades, with their thongs: then, to work they went; tallyho was the word, and they absolutely continued this kind of *divertissement*, till every sheet of canvas hung down in strips and tatters, and the once magnificent hall of the P—s presented a scene not unlike the inside of a Chick lane rag-warehouse.

Thus, in the boiling moments of inebriation, while reason lay fast asleep, folly, in league with riot and wanton dissipation, rent asunder the veil of modest propriety; the profound studies of the great masters insulted; and Rubens and Vandyke no more respected than the post-daubing at the door of a pot house.

Just as this famous hunt was over, this raging battle of the Bacchanalians, in came Mr. G. Ralph, the painter, and, with a sorrowful countenance, like a sad herald from the vanquished, obtained permission to dispose of the dead; and, when the conquerors left the field, the limner, and the lady of the mansion, greatly to the credit of her liberal mind, put together those venerable characters, but for whom Sir John had never been in existence, nor this tale recorded, so little to the Baronet's gratification.

N.

FEMALE CRICKET PLAYERS.

A Letter written by the late Duke of Dorset, to a Circle of Ladies, his intimate Friends, describing a Cricket Match played at the Oaks, in Surry, by some of the first Female Characters in the Island; accompanied with a Drawing of the Scene, by his Grace's own Pencil.*

LADIES,

WHILE you are eagerly pursuing the round of court-pleasures, and cutting out new figures for fashion, permit me to add to your entertainments a novelty of no less singularity than those which of late so amply diverted your little society. Divest yourselves, then, for a moment, of too much importance; cast aside your needles, and attend to my essay.

Though the gentlemen have long assumed to themselves the sole prerogative of being cricket-players, yet the ladies have lately given in a specimen, that they know how to handle the ball and the bat with the best of us, and can knock down a wicket even as well as Lord Tankerville himself.

* The drawing is unfortunately lost.

The

The inclosed drawing, which I thought proper to make for your information, is a true representation of a cricket-match played lately in private between the Countess of Derby and some other ladies of quality and fashion, at the Oaks, in Surry, the rural and enchanting retreat of her ladyship.

I shall not particularize the dress of the ladies on this occasion, as the drawing will fully describe it; nor shall I pass any censures on their usurping a game which custom, that cruel tyrant, has hitherto confined to the opposite sex.

What is human life but a game of cricket? and, if so, why should not the ladies play at it as well as we? Beauty is the bat, and men are the ball which are buffeted about just as the ladies skill directs them. An expert female will long hold the ball in play, and carefully keep it from the wicket; for when the wicket is once knocked down, the game of matrimony begins, and that of love ends.

Methinks I hear some little macaroni youth, some trifling apology for the figure of a man, exclaiming with the greatest vehemence, How can the ladies hurt their delicate hands, and even bring them to blisters, with holding a nasty filthy bat? How can their sweet, delicate fingers, bear the jarrings attending the catching of a dirty ball? Are they not afraid lest the ball should misplace an ivory tooth, or extinguish the fire of an eye which has long been considered as a blazing meteor in the horizon of beauty, and which has brought many a roving, obdurate, and flinty heart, to a true sense of its duty? Are not the soft charms of music, accompanied with the melody of female voice, and the delight of their conversation, more irresistible than all the masculine sports they can usurp? And is there not reason to believe, that if cricket should become the favourite game of the ladies, they will next learn fencing, and kill half of us in duels?

Mind not, my dear ladies, the impertinent interrogatories of silly coxcombs, or the dreadful apprehensions of demi-men. Let your sex go on, and assert their right to every pursuit that does not debase the mind. Go on, and attach yourselves to the athletic, and, by that, convince your neighbours the French, that you despise their washes, their paint, and their pomatums; and that you are now determined to convince all Europe, how worthy you are of being considered the wives of plain, generous, and native Englishmen.

AN ESSAY
ON THE
MIGRATION OF BIRDS.

IT has been generally believed, that many different kinds of birds annually pass from one country to another, and spend the summer or the winter where it is most agreeable to them; and that even the birds of our own island will seek the most distant southern regions of Africa, when directed by a peculiar instinct to leave their own country. It has long been an opinion pretty generally received, that swallows reside during the winter season in the warm southern regions; and M. Adanson particularly relates his having seen them at Senegal, when they were obliged to leave this country. But, besides the swallow, Mr. Pennant enumerates many other birds which migrate from Britain at different times

times of the year, and are then to be found in other countries; after which they again leave these countries, and return to Britain. The reason of these migrations he supposes to be a defect of food at certain seasons of the year, or the want of a secure asylum from the persecution of man during the time of courtship, incubation, and nutrition. The following is a list of the migrating species:

1. Crows. Of this genus, the hooded crow migrates regularly with the woodcock. It inhabits North Britain the whole year: a few are said annually to breed on Dartmoor, in Devonshire. It breeds also in Sweden and Austria: in some of the Swedish provinces it only shifts its quarters; in others it resides throughout the year. We are at a loss for the summer retreat of those which visit us in such numbers in winter, and quit our country in the spring; and for the reason why a bird, whose food is such that it may be found at all seasons in this country, should leave us.

2. Cuckoo. Disappears early in autumn; the retreat of this and the following bird is quite unknown to us.

3. Wryneck. Is a bird that leaves us in the winter. If its diet be ants alone, as several assert, the cause of its migration is very evident. This bird disappears before winter, and revisits us in the spring, a little earlier than the cuckoo.

4. Hoopoe. Comes to England but by accident: Mr. Pennant once indeed heard of a pair that attempted to make their nest in a meadow at Selborne, Hampshire, but were frighted away by the curiosity of the people. It breeds in Germany.

5. Grous. The whole tribe, except the quail, lives here all the year round: that bird either leaves us, or else retires towards the sea-coasts.

6. Pigeons. Some few of the ring-doves breed here; but the multitude that appears in the winter is so disproportioned to what continue here the whole year, as to make it certain that the greatest part quit the country in the spring. It is most probable they go to Sweden to breed, and return from thence in autumn; as Mr. Ekmark informs us they entirely quit that country before winter. Multitudes of the common wild pigeons also make the northern retreat, and visit us in winter; not but numbers breed in the high cliffs in all parts of this island. The turtle also probably leaves us in the winter, at least changes its place, removing to the southern counties.

7. Stare. Breeds here. Possibly several remove to other countries for that purpose, since the produce of those that continue here seems unequal to the clouds of them that appear in winter. It is not unlikely that many migrate into Sweden, where Mr. Berger observes they return in spring.

8. Thrushes. The fieldfare and the redwing breed and pass their summers in Norway and other cold countries; their food is berries, which, abounding in our kingdoms, tempts them here in the winter. These two, and the Royston crow, are the only land-birds that regularly and constantly migrate into England, and do not breed here. The hawfinch and crossbill come here at such uncertain times, as not to deserve the name of birds of passage.

9. Chatterer. The chatterer appears annually about Edinburgh in flocks during winter; and feeds on the berries of the mountain ash. In South Britain it is an accidental visitant.

10, Grosbeaks.

10. Grosbeaks. The grosbeak and crossbill come hear but seldom; they breed in Austria. The pine grosbeak probably breeds in the forests in the Highlands of Scotland.

11. Buntings. All the genus inhabits England throughout the year; except the greater brambling, which is forced here from the north in very severe seasons.

12. Finches. All continue in some parts of these kingdoms, except the fiskin, which is an irregular visitant, said to come from Russia. The linnets shift their quarters, breeding in one part of this island, and remove with their young to others. All finches feed on the seeds of plants.

13. Larks, fly-catchers, wagtails, and warblers. All of these feed on insecks and worms; yet only part of them quit these kingdoms; though the reason of migration is the same to all. The nightingale, black-cap, fly-catcher, willow-wren, wheat-ear, and white-throat, leave us before winter, while the small and delicate golden-crested wren braves our severest frosts. The migrants of this genus continue longest in Great Britain in the southern counties, the winter in those parts being later than in those of the north; Mr. Stillingfleet having observed several wheat-ears in the isle of Purbeck on the 18th of November. As these birds are incapable of very distant flights, Spain, or the south of France, is probably their winter-asylum.

14. Swallows and goat-sucker. Every species disappears at the approach of winter.

WATER-FOWL.

Of the vast variety of water-fowl that frequent Great Britain, it is amazing to reflect how few are known to breed here: the cause that principally urges them to leave this country, seems not to be merely the want of food, but the desire of a secure retreat. Our country is too populous for birds so shy and timid as the bulk of these are: when great part of our island was a mere waste, a tract of woods and fen, doubtless many species of birds, which at this time migrate, remained in security throughout the year. Egrets, a species of heron now scarce known in this island, were in former times in prodigious plenty; and the crane, that has totally forsaken this country, bred familiarly in our marshes: their place of incubation, as well as of all other cloven-footed water-fowl, the heron excepted, being on the ground, and exposed to every one. As rural economy increased in this country, these animals were more and more disturbed; at length, by a series of alarms, they were necessitated to seek, during the summer, some lonely safe habitation.

On the contrary, those that build or lay in the almost inaccessible rocks that impend over the British seas, breed there still in vast numbers, having little to fear from the approach of mankind: the only disturbance they meet with in general being from the desperate attempts of some few to get their eggs.

CLOVEN-FOOTED WATER-FOWL.

15. Herons. The white heron is an uncommon bird, and visits us at uncertain seasons; the common kind and the bittern never leave us.

16. Curlews. The curlew breeds sometimes on our mountains; but, considering the vast flights that appear in winter, it is probable that the greater part retire to other countries: the whimbrel breeds on the Grampian hills,

hills, in the neighbourhood of Invercauld.

17. Snipes. The woodcock breeds in the moist woods of Sweden, and other cold countries. Some snipes breed here, but the greatest part retire elsewhere; as do every other species of this genus.

18. Sandpipers. The lapwing continues here the whole year; the ruff breeds here, but retires in winter; the redshank and sandpiper breed in this country, and reside here. All the others absent themselves during summer.

19. Plovers and oyster-catcher. The long-legged plover and sanderling visit us only in winter: the dottrel appears in spring and in autumn; yet, what is singular, we do not find it breeds in South Britain. The oyster-catcher lives with us the whole year. The Norfolk plover and sea-lark breed in England. The green plover breeds on the mountains of the north of England, and on the Grampian hills.

We must here remark, that every species of the genera of curlews, woodcocks, sandpipers, and plovers, that forsake us in the spring, retire to Sweden, Poland, Prussia, Norway, and Lapland, to breed: as soon as the young can fly, they return to us again, because the frosts, which set in early in those countries, totally deprive them of the means of subsisting; as the dryness and hardness of the ground, in general, during our summer, prevent them from penetrating the earth with their bills, in search of worms, which are the natural food of these birds. Mr. Ekmark speaks thus of the retreat of the whole tribe of cloven-footed water-fowl out of his country, Sweden, at the approach of winter; and Mr. Klein gives much the same account of those of Poland and Prussia.

20. Rails and gallinules. Every species of these two genera continue with us the whole year; the land-rail excepted, which is not seen here in winter. It likewise continues in Ireland only during the summer mouths, when they are very numerous. Great numbers appear in Anglesea the latter end of May; it is supposed that they pass over from Ireland, the passage between the two islands being but small. As we have instances of these birds lighting on ships in the channel and the Bay of Biscay, we may conjecture their winter-quarters to be in Spain.

FIN-FOOTED WATER-BIRDS.

21. Phalaropes. Visit us but seldom; their breeding-place is Lapland, and other arctic regions.

22. Grebes. The great-crested grebe, the black-and-white grebe, and the little grebe, breed with us, and never migrate; the others visit us accidentally, and breed in Lapland.

WEB-FOOTED BIRDS.

23. Avoset. Breed near Fossdike, in Lincolnshire; but quit their quarters in winter. They are then shot in different parts of the kingdom, which they visit, not regularly, but accidentally.

24. Auks and guillemots. The great auk or pinguin sometimes breeds in St. Kilda The auk, the guillemot, and puffin, inhabit most of the maritime cliffs of Great Britain, in amazing numbers, during summer. The black guillemot breeds in the Bass Isle, and in St. Kilda, and sometimes in Llandidno rocks. We are at a loss for the breeding place of the other species; neither can we be very certain of the winter residence of any of them, excepting of the lesser guillemot and black-billed auk, which, du-

ring winter, visit in vast flocks the Frith of Forth.

25. Divers. These chiefly breed in the lakes of Sweden and Lapland, and in some countries near the pole; but some of the red-throated divers, the northern and the imber, may breed in the north of Scotland and its isles.

26. Terns. Every species breeds here; but leaves us in the winter.

27. Petrels. The fulmar breeds in the isle of St. Kilda, and continues there the whole year except September and part of October: the shearwater visits the Isle of Man in April; breeds there; and, leaving it in August or the beginning of September, disperses over all parts of the Atlantic ocean. The storm-finch is seen at all distances from the land on the same vast watery tract; nor is it ever found near the shore, except by some very rare accident, unless in the breeding season. Mr. Pennant found it on some little rocky isles off the north of Sky. It also breeds in St. Kilda. He also suspects that it nestles on the Blasquet Isles off Kerry, and that it is the gourder of Mr. Smith.

28. Mergansers. This whole genus is mentioned among the birds that fill the Lapland lakes during summer. Mr. Pennant has seen the young of the red-breasted in the north of Scotland: a few of these, and, perhaps, of the gooseanders, may breed there.

29. Ducks. Of the numerous species that form this genus, we know of few that breed here: the swan and goose, the shield-duck, the eider-duck, a few shovelers, garganies, and teals, and a very small portion of the wild-ducks.

(To be concluded in our next.)

THE

CANTAB FROM NEWMARKET.

JACK RUBRICK and TOM MERTON *meeting.*

Jack Rub.

WHAT, Tom Merton in England? My old friend and schoolfellow! how do you? Your hand, Tom! I did not think you had been in our hemisphere. A commission took you from us in the middle of Westminster college; and how has it disposed of you since, Tom?

Mer. For three years, my dear Jack, I have been stationed at Gibraltar, from whence I have been returned little more than so many months.

Jack Rub. So you have been studying the tactics at the Hercules Pillars, while I have been cudgelling mathematics at Cambridge. How we diverge like rays from the same centre! We walk through life together, indeed; but seem hitherto like parallel lines destined never to meet. But I am heartily glad of this rencontre.

Mer. And I as heartily—But, by your boots and your language, Jack, I should imagine you to be just fresh from the university.

Jack Rub. You have hit it. I am so.—Not immediately though; for I flew off in a tangent, the beginnig of last week, to Newmarket. It was the second spring meeting; and I chose to take the sun's altitude on the course every day, make a few observations, during the heats, upon matter and motion, with as many calculations as a lottery-office-keeper on the doctrine of chances.

Mer. What a hard student! But was there good sport?

Jack Rub. Sport! you talk as if you

you were speaking of a common country race. They never think of sport. It is all *business* at Newmarket, man!

Mer. Well, was the business good, then.

Jack Rub. Many thought excellent; but it was quite an inverse *ratio* to me, Tom! Fourscore *minus*, I promise you My quarter's allowance, which I had just received at Lady day—thirty guineas!—gone. Reduced to sell my little horse *Phosphorus* for thirty more! gone. And I was obliged to give a promissory note for twenty more So that, if you understand algebra but half so well as I do, Tom, you will find, by all the powers of numbers, that I was just eighty guineas a loser.

Mer. Thirty, and thirty, and twenty? fourscore exactly, Jack! I have just so much arithmetic.

Jack Rub. The odds were all hollow in my favour too!—Were you ever at Newmarket?

Mer. Never.

Jack Rub. I'll tell you, then—It was a four-mile heat, on the long course—a match between Harefoot, Piscator, Galloper, and Julia!—At first going off, they kept pretty even together, Galloper and Julia, Piscator and Harefoot, cheek-by-jowl, and formed a kind of parallelogram. When they came to describe a circle on the round course, you might almost as soon have squared the circle, as told which would be the winner. Then away they went, whip and spur, through the Devil's-ditch, like the devil himself! Coming up Choak-jade, Galloper lagged behind. Harefoot, though some thought her touched in the wind, got ahead of the other two; and she before, with Piscator and Julia abreast of each other, formed an equilateral triangle. A thousand pounds to a China-orange on Harefoot—when, all of a sudden, with a damned eccentric motion, she made an acute angle on the wrong side of the post—Piscator started and stumbled; but, by the bye, I believe his rider played booty—Julia won the stakes, and the knowing-ones were all taken in.

Mer. And poor Jack Rubrick into the bargain.

Jack Rub. Poor, indeed, Tom! I discovered as absolute a *vacuum* in my breeches pockets, as in those of a heathen philosopher. I would fain have been among the red-ribbands and black-legs at *Hell* in the evening, and tried my luck with tossing the *cubes* about; but not a single guinea left to bribe my fortune, or take me off the course. By good luck, Frank Whip of Clare-Hall was there, and, being on a scheme to London, brought me up to town in his curricle.

Mer. And what's your business here, Jack?

Jack Rub. Partly to get a fresh recruit from Old Squaretoes, by getting money for a list I have made out of mathematical books.

Mer Well, as we have met, let us crack a bottle together.

Jack Rub. With all my heart!—Come along my boy.

SPORTING WITH THE CREDULOUS.

MR. BURROW, the late ingenious traveller in the interior of Southern Africa, relates the circumstance of his meeting with two men, in the district of the Elephant's River, whom, "from their countenances," he says, "I could perceive to be Europeans. They had been long enough in the country to forget their own language, but not to learn that of the Dutch; so that in fact they scarcely had the

means of making themselves intelligible to any one. The one was an Irishman, the other English; and both were probably deserters from the army or navy. The first had taken up the profession of a *Water-wyser*; or, Water-doctor: and had shewn sagacity enough to establish a sort of reputation in the country. By speaking little, looking wise, and frequent application of a double convex lens to the eye, which had an air bubble in it, he practised with great success on the credulity and ignorance of the Dutch farmers, and had obtained from them, by this and other means, a pair of horses, and several hundred rix-dollars of paper money. Lighting their pipes at the sun by means of his glass, and the persuasion that the air-bubble within it was a drop of water that possessed the sympathetic quality of always turning towards its kindred element, had such an irresistible effect on the rude minds of the African boors, that the Irishman, like a true quack, appreciated his consequence so highly, that he never deigned to pay a visit to any farmer, in order to examine the state of his water, without a previous fee. Observing me laugh at the credulity of the people gaping at his mountebank tricks, he took occasion to speak to me apart, begging, for God's sake, I would not detect the imposture, as he was now in such good practice that he was able to keep an assistant. Surprise ceases at the credulity of men born in the wilds of Africa, on reflecting to what extent credulity has been urged by the impostors of Europe, who have succeeded in living upon the folly of those who have been weak enough to listen to them. Animal magnetism has raised many a quack to a state of grandeur, at the expence of credulity; and the nonsence of the divining rod still has its votaries.

BOXING.

BELCHER AND FIRBY.

NOTWITHSTANDING the pains which were taken on Monday evening by the Magistrates of Suffolk and Cambridge, to prevent Belcher and Firby, alias the young Ruffian, from meeting to fight a pitched battle, it was impracticable to drive them from their purpose, when the winner was allured by promise of a purse of 100 guineas, which had been raised by subscription among the amateurs and sporting gentlemen at Newmarket. Late on Monday evening, after the notice had been given them not to fight, a private meeting was held by the amateurs of boxing, to consider what was best to be done in such a perplexing state; after many propositions had been stated, it was agreed that early on the following morning the two heroes of the fist should repair to the nearest spot of ground in Essex, and where they might fight unmolested, being out of the jurisdiction of those magistrates who signed the notice. Accordingly about six o'clock, on Tuesday morning, April 12, all those in the secret began to stir, and much bustle took place in providing vehicles of conveyance, and horses, to transport the parties to the field of battle.

About seven o'clock, the cavalcade began to move.. Belcher proceeded in a post-chaise, between his bottle holder and second, Bill and Joe Ward. The company pursued the London Road, till they came to Bone Bridge, and then turned to the left towards Linton, which place the cavalcade passed through to the great terror of the rustics, who were made to believe the French had taken possession of Newmarket,

Newmarket, and that they were saving themselves by flight.—About half a mile from Linton, and fifteen miles from Newmarket, the company having arrived in the County of Essex, they turned from the road side on to a level piece of ground, and there resolved the contest should be decided. Belcher appeared as cheerful as if he had come to take possession of an estate.—Firby did not seem dismayed, and the amateurs looked for skill and science in boxing in the very greatest perfection. When they called to recollection the many feats performed by Belcher, and that Firby had formerly gained great celebrity by beating the old Ruffian, and several others, it was not doubted but he was the only man of the present day that could cope with the Bristol hero. It was judged expedient to delay no time in setting to, to prevent the possibility of an interruption. There was little difficulty in forming the ring, as there were very few pedestrians present. This being done, the combatants were called forth, and informed that one hundred guineas was the sum collected, and that with regard to the terms on which they fought, they were left to themselves. It was then agreed on between Firby and Belcher that the winner should receive 90 guineas, and the loser 10; and then, without further ceremony, the combatants began to strip, and at a quarter past nine, set to. Great anxiety was expressed in every countenance while each was standing on his guard, waiting his antagonist's blow. After a pause of a few seconds, Firby made a hit at Belcher's head, which he avoided, and returned a blow with his left and right hand, but which made no impression. They closed, and Belcher fell undermost, but no harm done. Two to one was now offered to be taken that Firby would win, which could not easily be obtained at starting. Thus concluded the first round.

Second Round.—A short but severe round; Belcher hit Firby on the mouth with his left hand, the blood gushed out violently; he followed him up with his right hand, and placing a blow on Firby's right side, he fell. Three to one in favour of Belcher.

Third Round.—Firby made a blow at Belcher's head, which Belcher caught, and returned the blow, which Firby stopped. Belcher hit again at him, which was also well parried. Belcher following him up, fighting half-armed, Firby fell. No harm this round.

Fourth Round.—They both rallied; some hard blows struck on each side. Firby had got a black eye; and, from a blow of the body, vomitted a quantity of blood, which fell over Belcher's small clothes. On closing Belcher fell, and, while on his knees, Firby struck him. A cry of *foul! foul!* resounded from all quarters. Belcher appealed to the company, but wished to take no advantage of the circumstance, but to go on. A further interruption here took place, by the arrival of one constable and a parson from Linton, who attempted to stop the further proceeding of the battle; but no respect was paid to the Cloth or legal authority, and the combatants commenced the

Fifth Round.—A great deal of shifting. Firby was afraid to come close, Belcher beckoned to him. Firby then came up and hit, but so slow, that Belcher was able to avoid it by jerking his head, and making a violent blow at Firby's side—he fell. Belcher looked round and smiled; Firby began to exhibit symptoms of distress.

Sixth Round.—This was the most desperate and best fought round;

round; but Belcher's strength seemed to increase, while his opponent's fell off; Belcher smiled and looked round while in the heat of the battle. Firby made several attempts to hit Belcher with great violence, but which Belcher either avoided by stooping his head or stopping; not one of Firby's blows told. Belcher, eagerly watching an opportunity, hit Firby in the stomach with his left hand; at the same time closing with him, gave him a most violent cross buttock.

Seventh Round.—Very hard straight forward fighting on both sides. Firby could not fight in his usual way, but hit round. It was evident he had considerably the worst of it. Odds now ten to one.

Eighth Round.—Firby rallied again, made a hit at Belcher, which was stopt in great style; Firby received another violent blow on his mouth, which cut his lips. He hit Belcher a severe blow in return, but did not draw blood; the odds, however, were reduced to five to one.

Ninth Round.—Firby fought shy, Belcher followed him round the ring, hitting several blows, which were stopped, they closed, and Firby fell under.

Tenth Round.—On setting to, Belcher gave Firby a severe blow over the right eye, and immediately resumed a defensive position, when he smiled, and said, "How do you like that, John?" Firby did his best to make a violent blow at Belcher, but having overreached himself, fell without a blow. Belcher smiled, and pointed at him with his finger.

Eleventh Round.—Belcher followed Firby round the ring, the latter stopping, as well as he could, Belcher's blows, but which was not done effectually. Belcher hit him several severe blows, and knocked Firby down. Firby's friends interfered, and said he could do no more. Thus ended the contest, after 20 minutes fighting.

During the whole fight Firby never had once a chance of success. He was always considered a first-rate pugilist; but whether it was owing to the fear of Belcher's great name, or to a falling off of his usual style of fighting, it was certainly agreed on all hands that he fell greatly short of what might have been expected. He was much bruised in the body, received two black eyes, and his mouth desperately cut. Belcher had not a blow about him which could be perceived, and seemed quite composed throughout the contest.

In the midst of the battle, a Gentleman offered to bet twenty to one on the fight, which Belcher hearing observed, "you may make it one thousand to one, it is safe enough."

FATAL DUEL.

On Wednesday, the 6th instant, towards the close of the evening, a fatal duel took place on Primrose-hill, near Chalk Farm, in the road to Hampstead. It was between Colonel Montgomery, of the army, and Captain James Macnamara, of the navy. They were both, about four o'clock on the same day, riding in Hyde Park, and each had a Newfoundland dog following him. The dogs unfortunately quarrelling, the Colonel got off his horse to protect, or separate his dog from the other; at the same time he called out to Captain Macnamara to call off his dog.

As the circumstances of this unfortunate affair, and its consequences, have been pretty accurately

rately detailed from the examination before the Coroner's jury, we here present the evidence as given upon that occasion, in preference to the general accounts that have appeared in the public papers.

CORONER'S INQUEST.

On Friday the 8th instant, at half past 12 o'clock, the body of Colonel Montgomery was removed from Chalk Farm to Mr. Byng's, his brother-in-law's, in St. James's Square. The body was opened, for the purpose of ascertaining whether a pistol-ball was the cause of his death, as the Coroner deemed this necessary to be done previous to the inquest being taken on the body. At seven o'clock, the inquest was taken at the Long-room in Camden-Town, as follows:—

Mr. Heaviside, the surgeon, deposed, that about five o'clock on Wednesday afternoon, Captain Macnamara's nephew called upon him, and stated, that his uncle was unfortunately engaged to fight a duel, and wished him to attend him to the spot where it was expected to take place. On his attending Mr. James Macnamara to his uncle, he found Captain Barry along with him, when they got into a hackney-coach, and proceeded to the ground near Primrose-hill. When they arrived, they found Sir William Keir on the ground, but Colonel Montgomery did not appear for some time afterwards: when he arrived, the distance of twelve paces was fixed. The gentlemen took their stands, and fired nearly together. Colonel Montgomery fell; and not having provided any surgical assistance, the witness offered his service; but on going up to him, the Colonel exclaimed, "I am shot through the heart," and immediately expired. The ball appeared to have entered between the fourth and fifth ribs. Just at this period, Captain Barry called to the witness to tell him that Captain Macnamara was wounded. Mr. H. therefore went to his assistance, and found that the ball had entered just above the right hip, and had traversed the belly. Both the deceased and Captain M. were taken to Chalk Farm; and shortly after, Captain Barry, Captain M. and himself, returned to town in the hackney-coach. The witness then continued to state what he discovered on opening the body of the deceased, which he had been required to do. The ball, he said, had passed through the lobe of the lungs, and had torn the large vessels in its passage. There was a portion of the ribs on the right side driven into the lungs, and from three quarts to a gallon of blood effused into the chest. On examining the inside of the ribs, on the left side of the chest, he found many of them broken, which made him conclude that the ball had passed through the chest. He took out the ball from under the left shoulder-blade, which must have made its way there between the sixth and seventh ribs.

Lord Burghersh said, on coming out of St. James's Park, next to Hyde Park, on Wednesday afternoon, he saw a number of horsemen, and Colonel Montgomery among them: he rode up to him at that time; he was about twenty yards from the railing next to Hyde Park Gate. On one side of Colonel Montgomery was a gentleman on horseback, whom he believed was Captain Macnamara. The first words he heard, were uttered by Colonel Montgomery, who said, "Well, Sir, and I will repeat what I have said; if your dog attacks mine, I will knock him down." To this Captain Macnamara replied, "Well, Sir, but I conceive the language you hold is arrogant, and

not

not to be pardoned." Col. M. said, "This is not a proper place to argue the matter; if you feel yourself injured, and wish for satisfaction, you know where to find me." Captain M. replied, "Not for what has happened; but if you were to insult me, I would take notice of it as soon as any man." Colonel M. said, "No, Sir, I wish to seek no quarrel; but I adhere to what I originally said, if your dog were to attack mine, I would knock him down." Captain M. again repeated, "it was arrogant language, and that he would as soon meet Col. M. as any other man." Col. M. again observed, "he desired no quarrel with him." Captain M. then rode on, but shortly turned round, and repeated, "that he would as soon fight as any man," at the same time shaking a stick at Col. M. which he held in his hand. Col. M. and his friends then rode out of the Park along Piccadilly, and were about fifty yards behind Capt. M. and two gentlemen in company with him. From the conversation that took place, the witness considered the dispute entirely settled; and, under that conviction, Mr. W. Sloane quitted the party. The deceased, with Mr. S. Sloane, and witness, rode down St. James's-Street, and turned into Jermyn-Street. Captain M. pursued his way along Piccadilly. About the middle of Jermyn Street, the party heard a noise of horses coming along the street. One of the gentlemen on horseback he did not know; the other was Mr. W. Sloane; they were not quite together; the stranger was one of those whom he had seen riding along with Capt. M. When he came to Colonel Montgomery, he told him he wished to speak with him. Col. M. replied, "Certainly." The gentleman pointed to the Colonel to go forward, which he did. Colonel M. then beckoned to Mr. W. Sloane, who had gone on, to come to him; when he came up, Capt. B. and Col. M. were pointing to their watches; after which, the stranger left them, and returned to Captain M. who was at a short distance. Witness then rode up to Col. M. and said, "Is any thing going to happen?" He replied, "No, nothing but an explanation, which is to take place at my lodgings." Witness then went to an hotel in Jermyn-Street, and saw Colonel M. ride past; he nodded to him: was about 20 minutes past five o'clock.

Mr. Stephen Sloane.—I was with my brother, in Hyde Park. Colonel M came up to my brother, whom he knew. We were retiring towards Piccadilly, from the bridge in the park. The dogs were then behind. Colonel M. looked round; and, upon seeing his dog, which was a young Newfoundland one, engaged fighting with another of the same kind, but larger and stronger, he got off his horse, in order to part them; Colonel M. observing at the same time that he would knock the other dog down if he flew upon his dog. Captain Macnamara then rode up, and said, if Colonel M. knocked his dog down, he must knock him down also. I have forgotten what was exactly Colonel Montgomery's answer; but I think it was, that the Park was too public for the adjustment of a dispute. He then gave Captain M. his name, not his card. Captain Macnamara then, in a violent passion, told his name, and that he was in the Royal Navy. Capt. M. observed, it was arrogant to desire him to call off his dog. Col. M. observed, Capt. M. could not suppose he intended any insult to him, either by what he had said or done; and he concluded by saying, that

that if Captain Macnamara's dog did again commit any violence, he would do what was in his power to defend his own dog. They then passed on together towards Piccadilly, through the gate, and separated after a few paces. Capt. M. and his two friends rode along Piccadilly towards St. James's-Street; and the deceased, in company with my brother, Lord Burghersh, and myself, went the same way. When we got to St. James's-Street, my brother parted from us, and we turned along Jermyn-Street nearly as far as St. James's church. My brother came up to Col. M. and was immediately followed by another person, who desired to speak to Col. M. It was one of Capt. Macnamara's party. The deceased, the gentleman, and my brother, went on a few paces together. Col. M. and the gentleman took out their watches, and then Capt. M.'s friend turned about and rode off towards St. James's-Street. I asked Col. M. the reason of the person coming up? He told me it was in order to appoint a meeting for the explanation of the quarrel. Col. M. then rode off towards St. James's-Square, and then returned and galloped up Jermyn-Street. It was about 20 minutes past five. Colonel Montgomery's conduct throughout was cool and unruffled by any passion, except at the moment when the dog was attacked.

Mr. William Sloane.—When Col. Montgomery's dog was attacked, Col. M. jumped off his horse to rescue him. Col. M. called out to Capt. Macnamara to take off his dog. Capt. M. replied, "Have you the arrogance to say that I am to take away my dog?" I heard the expression of arrogance made use of several times by Capt. M. Lord Burghersh joined us at this time. Col. Montgomery expressed a disinclination to quarrel, but said, "If Capt. Macnamara felt himself hurt, he knew where to find him." Both parties proceeded towards Piccadilly; Capt. M. and his two friends being a little before. I conceived the matter was ended. (The witness then deposed to the same effect as his brother, up to the time they reached St. James's church). A gentleman came up, and desired him to name his time and place. Col. M. said, "Matters of this consequence were better settled as soon as possible." He then appointed in two hours time; and added, that he thought a pistol should be the weapon employed, as it was most used in this country. The deceased wished me to go with him to Lord Paget's, but his Lordship was out of town. He then hinted that I might be his second; but I wished him to consult those who had more experience than myself. He then said, he would go to Mr. Upton's, and desired me to go to Sir William Keir, which I did, and told him all that had happened. Sir William was quite shocked at what had happened. Col. M. came in half an hour afterwards, and asked Sir William to be his second, which he consented to. Col. M. asked if he had got any pistols? He said he had a brace, but they were out of order. I suppose they were the pistols made use of. Colonel Montgomery asked me for the loan of my horse for Sir William to ride to the deceased's house. Sir William inquired whether the deceased or I knew where Capt. Macnamara was to be found. He said it would be necessary to see Captain M. or his friend before any thing so serious as a meeting took place. They then rode away, and I saw no more of them.

Mr. James Macnamara.—I did not know the deceased. I was riding

riding on horseback on Wednesday afternoon, about four o'clock, in company with Capt. Barry and Capt. Macnamara. Capt. M. and Col. Montgomery had each a Newfoundland dog following him, which, on meeting each other, began fighting. Col. M. got off his his horse in a great passion, and swore he would knock Capt. Macnamara's dog down. Capt. M. called to him, and said, "You will please to recollect it is my dog." Col. M. said, "I do not care if it is your dog, I will knock him down." He repeated this several times. Capt. M. then said, "You shall knock me down first." Col. M. replied, "That shall be as it may happen," at the same time observing, "why don't you get off your horse and take away your dog?" Capt. M. said, he was not accustomed to be spoken to in that way. To which Col. M. replied, that "if he had offended him, he knew where to call upon him," (the deceased had previously given his address). Captain M. said, "I shall do that without asking for your permission." Capt. M. Capt. Barry, and myself, rode out at the gate along Piccadilly, and Colonel Montgomery and his friends followed us at the distance of about fifty yards. Col. M. turned down St. James's-Street, and we went on. Captain Barry, at the instance of Captain Macnamara, went after Colonel Montgomery to request a meeting on account of the words he had spoken, and to give him the choice of the time, place, and weapons. After Captain Barry had overtaken Colonel M. in Jermyn-Street, I saw them pull out their watches. The Colonel then beckoned to a person behind to come up to him, and Captain Barry returned to Captain M. While we observed this, we were near St. James's-Street. Captain Barry on his return, informed Captain M. that Colonel M. had appointed a meeting in two hours, and that he had chosen pistols. We then parted. I went to Mr. Heaviside, to desire him to attend Captain M. On my return, I met Capt. M. in Piccadilly, and Capt. Barry arrived soon after in a coach, and brought a case of pistols with him. Then Mr. Heaviside, Capt. Barry, and Capt. Macnamara, were driven away to Primrose-hill. I followed them on horseback. When I arrived, Colonel Montgomery was not come; but Sir William Keir was waiting for him. It was near half an hour before he came, in a hackney-coach, with pistols. Capt. M. sent Capt. Barry to know if he would make an apology. I heard Capt. B. inform Capt. M. that he refused. The ground was then measured at twelve long paces. Each took a pistol. Col. M. levelled his first; when both were presented, Colonel M lowered his, and took another level. They then both fired, and Colonel M. fell. Mr. Heaviside went up to him, and put something on his wound. Capt. M. called to Capt. B. and said he was wounded: he was supported into Chalk Farm. The deceased was likewise carried thither. Capt. M said to Mr. Heaviside, "Is there any danger?" Mr. H. replied, "No." Capt. M. said, "I do not speak for myself; I mean for Colonel Montgomery, who, I fear, is dreadfully wounded." The seconds then took their horses, and rode off together. In answer to a question put by the Coroner, the witness added, Captain M. was as much agitated at Primrose-hill, as when the quarrel first took place.

A person who called himself Pat, an Irish groom, deposed to the fighting of the dogs in the park, and the dispute in consequence. He was

was also at Primrose-hill. Being asked who fired first, he said, "There was not the twinkling of an eye difference; but if any, Colonel Montgomery had it."

Colonel Gillespie was called to prove that there was no previous animosity between the parties, as they were strangers to each other before this fatal catastrophe.

The Coroner, in his address to the jury, stated the law to be, that where two persons met to fight, without having had sufficient time to cool upon their quarrel, in the event of the death of one, the crime of murder could not be charged against the other. The present case certainly was of this description; the quarrel having begun at five o'clock, and the duel taken place two hours after. He then expressed his opinion, that the observation of the deceased, "that Captain Macnamara knew where he was to be found," could have no other meaning than a challenge; and he thought this circumstance was favourable to Captain Macnamara.

The jury retired a short time, and at one o'clock in the morning returned a verdict of—*Manslaughter*.

The following brief account has been published, with seeming authority, but whether so or not, we are unable at present to tell:—

"To prevent any misrepresentation, the following is a correct detail of the duel that took place between Colonel Montgomery, and Captain Macnamara of the Navy, taken from the information of a gentleman, who was on the spot:

"On Wednesday evening, these two gallant officers were riding in Hyde-park, each followed by a Newfoundland dog; the dogs attacked each other, which caused an unpleasant altercation; the Colonel was very warm, and remonstrated very haughtily, which was retorted by Capt. M. who told him he was an officer of the Navy, and unaccustomed to such imperious language: the Colonel's answer was—"Sir, you know where to find me;" and this was loudly repeated and reiterated.

"A rendezvous was the consequence; which took place, by Colonel M.'s appointment, at seven o'clock that evening, on Primrose-hill. An apology was offered on the ground by Captain M.'s friend, which was refused. The ground was measured—twelve very long paces. The Colonel fired first; his shot took place in the lower part of Captain M.'s belly, who returned the fatal fire that deprived Colonel M. of existence."

For the printer's convenience, we must here close this article, with only noticing the following subsequent occurrence, and which will be succeeded by others, that must appear in some other part of our Magazine, either for the present or next month.

On Thursday the 14th Mr. Heaviside, the surgeon, dressed the wound of Captain Macnamara, at Blake's Hotel. As soon as he had dismissed his patient for the day, Townshend, one of the Bow-Street officers, read to him, Mr. H. a warrant from Sir Richard Ford, and arrested him as a principal in the murder of Colonel Montgomery. Such is the language of the law, which regards every one who is present as a principal in a duel, if previously privy to it. Mr. Heaviside attended on the field as Captain Macnamara's surgeon.—He was conveyed to Bow-Street, where he underwent a private examination before Sir Richard Ford.—Several persons who were spectators of the duel were also examined privately, and bound over to appear. After the examination, Mr. Heaviside was fully committed to Newgate for trial, standing charged with aiding and assisting in the murder of Colonel Montgomery. He went to Newgate in

 his

his own carriage, in the care of Townshend, accompanied by Mr. Holloway, his solicitor.

On Friday the 15th, Sir Richard Ford attended at Blake's Hotel, Jermyn-Street, in order that the examination of the different witnesses respecting the duel, taken before him, might be read and sworn to in the presence of Captain Macnamara; which being done, the parties were bound over to give evidence on the trial, and a commitment to Newgate was made out for Captain M. but which remains in the hands of the officer who has him in custody.

Mr. Cline, and three other eminent surgeons, who attend the Captain, declared on oath that he could not at present be removed with safety, on account of an inflammation having taken place, occasioned by a part of the cloaths forced in by the ball remaining in the wound, and which had produduced a considerable degree of fever.

Mr. Erskine and Mr. Knowles were present on the part of Captain Macnamara, but did not think it necessary that any application should be made for his being admitted to bail in this stage of the business, as the Sessions were to commence on the Wednesday following.

LIFE OF MAJOR LEESON.

THIS gentleman was for many years a well known character on the turf; he died on the 1st of February in an obscure lodging in the rules of the King's Bench. Those who have only heard of the irregularities of the latter days of the late Major, might suppose that silence would be the best tribute that could be paid to his memory. This consideration, however, would defeat the principal end of biography—instruction. Patrick Leeson, the subject of this sketch, was born at Nenagh, in the county of Tipperary, in the year 1754. It cannot be said, that fortune smiled deceitful on his birth, for the wealth of his family consisted only of a few cows and horses, and a farm, on which three generations had subsisted with peace and competence.

Patrick's father had received an education beyond that of an husbandman, who was obliged to till the ground with his own hands; but as his sober wishes never strayed beyond the bounds of his own farm, he was at first determined, that his son should tread in his own steps, and that he should not be spoiled by an education beyond his humble views. Patrick, however, was soon distinguished by a quickness of perception, and a promptitude of expression, beyond his years; and in order that these qualities might be improved to a certain extent, he was sent to learn the Latin tongue under the instruction of a relation, who looked upon all science and human excellence to be treasured up in that language, with which he was well acquainted, for he had made it his study from his boyish days up to his grand climacteric. Our young pupil made so rapid a progress in his grammar, that his perceptor and father began to conceive the highest hopes of his talents; and, as they were both very pious men, they thought such a star should shine only in the hemisphere of the church, to use the pedagogical expression.

Patrick, it seems, was not so deeply enamoured with abstinence and prayer,

prayer, for he was already put upon this regimen; he thought that youth might indulge without criminality, in some of those amusements which are peculiar to that season; such as dancing, wrestling, riding, &c. in each of which he excelled, nature having favoured him with a fine person, and a healthy constitution.

He had now nearly accompanied the prince of Roman historians through all his battles, sieges, &c. when a circumstance happened which put a stop to his classical career:—a recruiting party came to Nenagh, the "ear-piercing fife, and the spirit-stirring drum" were not lost in such a buoyant mind; and Patrick protested that he would rather carry a musket as a private, than rule a score of parishes with the nod of a mitre. His grand-uncle, a catholic priest, was consulted on the occasion. The good old man, after some consideration, gave it as his opinion, that his nephew was destined by nature to wear a red coat instead of a black one; and that examples were not wanting in his own family of those that had risen to unenvied honours in the tented field. Patrick's views were liberally seconded by a Scottish nobleman.

At the age of seventeen, he came to London, as ignorant of the world as if he had just dropped into it. As he had spent, or rather wasted his time, to use his own phrase, in the study of words, he began to study things; for this purpose he was sent to Mr. Alexander's academy at Hampstead, where in a very short time he laid in a tolerable stock of mathematical knowledge. He was now transplanted, through the munificence of his noble patron, to the celebrated academy of Angers, in France; where he had the double advantage of finishing his military studies, and at the same time of learning the French language, which he spoke, ever after, with fluency. Whilst at this seminary he fought a duel with Sir W. M——; the courage exerted by these two gentlemen on that occasion, has been always spoken of to the honour of both. He was soon after appointed a lieutenant in a regiment of foot, in which he conducted himself with the propriety of a man who considers the word soldier and gentleman as synonymous terms.

The only act of indiscretion that can be laid to his charge, if it can be called by that name, will find a ready apology in the impetuosity of youthful blood, and the affection he bore to every man in the regiment, which was reciprocal. The serjeant, a sober steady man, was wantonly attacked by a blacksmith, who was the terror of the town. The serjeant defended himself as long as he was able with great spirit, but was obliged, after a hard contest, to yield to his athletic antagonist. This intelligence reached Mr. Leeson's ears the next morning: without delay he set out in pursuit of the victor, whom he found boasting of the triumph he had gained over the *lobster* as he called the serjeant. The very expression kindled Leeson's indignation into such a flame, that he aimed a blow at the fellow's temple, which he warded off, and returned with such force, that Leeson lay for some minutes extended on the ground. Leeson, however, renewed the attack; victory, for a considerable time, seemed to declare on the side of his antagonist; but as soon as the scale turned in favour of the lieutenant, he followed one blow after the other with such rapidity and success, that the son of Vulcan sunk at last, and yielded up the palm, with a copious effusion of blood, the loss of seven or eight teeth, and eyes beat to a jelly. In order to complete the triumph, Leeson placed him in a wheel barrow;

and

and in this situation he was wheeled through all the town amidst the acclamations of the populace. Soon after this, Mr. Leeson exchanged his lieutenancy for a cornetcy of dragoons. It may seem a little extraordinary, that a man who had escaped those snares that are strewed in the paths of youth, should fall into them at a time when prudence began to assume her influence over the heart. The gaming table now presented itself in all its seductive charms. He could not resist them; and an almost uninterrupted series of success led him to Newmarket, where his evil genius, in the name of good luck, converted him in a short time into a professed gambler. At one time he had a complete stud at Newmarket; and his famous horse Buffer carried off all the capital plates for three years and upwards. As Leeson was a man of acute discernment, he was soon initiated into all the mysteries of the turf. He was known to all the black legs, and consulted by them on every critical occasion. Having raised an independent regiment, he was promoted to a Majority. He continued for time to maintain the dignity of his rank, and even expressed a wish to resume that conduct which had endeared him for many years to the good and the brave; but the temptations which gambling held out were too strong to be resisted, and a train of ill luck preyed upon his spirits, soured his temper, and drove him to that last resource of an enfeebled mind—the brandy bottle. As he could not shine in his wonted splendour, he sought the most obscure public houses in the purlieus of St. Giles's, where he used to pass whole nights in the company of his countrymen of the lowest, but industrious class, charmed with their songs and native humour. It is needless to point out the result of such a habit of life—Major Leeson, that was once the soul of whim and gaiety, sunk into a state of stupor and irritability. On some occasions, it is true, he emerged from this state; but it was the emergence of a meteor that vanishes as it expands, and only left those that witnessed it, to lament the fall of a man that once promised to be an ornament to a profession that was dear to him in his last moments. Having contracted a number of debts, he was constantly pursued by the terriers of the law, and alternately imprisoned by his own fears, or confined in the King's Bench.

About three years since he married a Miss Mullett, who shared all his afflictions, and discharged all the duties of an affectionate wife. When sober, his manners were gentle and conciliating; and his conversation on many occasions evinced considerable mental vigour. He was generous and steady in his friendships, but the dupe of flattery; having experienced all those vicissitudes attendant on a life of dissipation. He was sensible of the immediate approach of his dissolution, and talked of death as a friend that would relieve him of a load that was almost insupportable. He expired in the midst of a conversation with a few friends, and waved a gentle adieu with his hands, when he found that his tongue could not perform that office.

LAW CASES.

A HORSE STEALER.

Sussex Spring Assizes, 1803.

HENRY MURRAY, was indicted for stealing a horse, the property of his Majesty. The circumstances

circumstances of this case, as proved by W. Wyatt, a private in the 10th regiment of Light Dragoons, were as follow:—On the evening of the 10th of January the prisoner came into the inn stables at Chichester, where a part of the regiment was quartered, and entered into conversation with Wyatt and another soldier, respecting the goodness of the horses in their regiment. Wyatt vaunted the excellence of his own beast, and pronounced him to be absolutely the best horse in the regiment; but, said the prisoner, "where are your bridles and saddles, I do not see any of them;" he was told that they were in their bed-rooms, and that they only kept a watering bridle in the stable. After some other conversation, he invited Wyatt to go in doors and drink some ale with him, which he did. After they had drank one pot, the prisoner observed to Wyatt that his comrade who was left in the stable, must think it unkind that he was not also invited, and sent W. to ask him to join them. This being done, they all three sat some time; at last the prisoner went out and did not return. They supposed he meant to have cheated the landlord of the score, but the next morning they found that he had taken a fancy to the horse whose merits his rider had so extolled, and by way of completely setting himself up, he had taken with it a pair of pistols. The prisoner rode away to Jelscomb, where he offered the horse to sale for fourteen guineas, to the landlord of a public house. The landlord observed the number 36 cut in the hair of his foot, which led him to say that he must be a dragoon horse. The prisoner readily replied, yes, he was; and that he himself belonged to the 10th regiment of dragoons, which was selling off several of their horses; but, as they fetched a bad price at the hammer, their Major sent several of the men about the country, with horses to sell to private dealers, as they got the best price that way. The landlord suspected this story, and caused him to be apprehended. As soon as he was taken, he confessed the fact. Verdict—*Guilty—Death.*

GAMBLING DEBTS.

Sussex Assizes.

THE KING *v.* DARLEY.

MR. GARROW stated, that this was an indictment against Hill Darley, Esq. in consequence of his having assaulted a Mr. Embden; the cause of that assault arising out of a quarrel about money, won at a game or play called *Over Seven, or Under Seven.* This indictment was founded on a particular statute, which enacts, "That if any person assaulted, or challenged, or insulted another, in consequence of any gambling transaction, or by reason of any quarrel concerning money won at play, the party convicted thereof should be sentenced to imprisonment for two years." He should prove that Hill Darley, Esq. had violated every one of the enactments of the statute. He had insulted the prosecutor; he had assaulted him; he had challenged him; he had kicked him; he had threatened to break his neck, and was about to throw him out of the window; but the prosecutor very wisely, instead of waiting the completion of the ceremony, retreated down stairs. It was not very easy for him to state the minutiæ of the play, for he was so impenetrably stupid, that he never could learn to comprehend any one game of chance. But so it happened, that Mr. Hill Darley had

had lost a sum of money last summer, at Brighton, to Mr. Embden, the prosecutor; but having lost it, he refused to pay it, and insisted the prosecutor should go on playing; and he alleged, that it was impossible he could have lost the money unless he had been cheated. They met, however, the next evening, when the prosecutor insisted on having his money; but, instead of getting it, he received the challenging, kicking, and drubbing, for which this prosecution was instituted.

Mr. Charles Embden said, he was at Brighton in August last; on the 10th, he met Mr. Darley, at the subscription house, and played Hazard with him. He lost some money at this game. They then played at under seven and over seven. He had never played at this game before; but Mr. Darley told him, it was the most fair of all possible games. At first, he lost thirty or forty pounds, at guinea stakes. He then increased his stakes to five pounds, and won upwards of fifty. He called for his money, and declined playing any more. Darley said, he must give him his revenge. After some altercation they agreed to meet the next night, which they did, at the New Ship. The prosecutor agreed to make the fifty a hundred pounds; and that they should throw a hundred stakes at five pounds each. Darley agreed, but would not put down the fifty pounds the prosecutor had won. He told him if he did not pay, he knew the way to make him do it. Darley said, he would know how that was to be done. The other said, he could not make him tell that. Darley said, he would force it out of him, and then he proceeded to assault him.

The assault being also proved by another witness, and no defence made, the defendant was found *Guilty*.

GAME LAWS.

York Spring Assizes, 1803.

HARKER *v.* ALLEN.

THIS was an action of Tresspass against the defendant, upon the Game Laws. The case was this—on the 5th of November last, Lady Grantham desired her gamekeeper to collect some hounds, for the purpose of making a day's diversion for her tenants and the villagers around her. The huntsman accordingly did so, and the defendant, Allen, a book-keeper to a waggoner, happened to be one of the happy party, against whom an information was lodged.

Mr. Parke, as leading counsel for the plaintiff, stated to the Jury, that the defendant was not only seen hunting in the manor of Lord Grantham, but also in the manor of Lord Wortley: the defendant was neither a qualified man, nor had taken out a certificate; by which he had subjected himself to two penalties—of twenty pounds, and five pounds—for hunting without being qualified, and without a certificate.

James Smith, who keeps a public house in the neighbourhood, proved that the defendant, with some others, came to his house with some hounds; that he afterwards saw them hunting in both Lord Grantham and Lord Wortley's liberty; that the defendant was with them; that they killed two hares, one of which was dressed at his house.

William Terry said, he did not know whose hounds they were; that he saw the defendant with the hounds, both in Lord Grantham and Lord Wortley's liberty, following a hare; that he saw them kill one; that he heard Mr. Lodge, the Attorney, discharge all the people from

from hunting; that Addison, Lady Grantham's gamekeeper, said, "they shall not be discharged; you have no right to do so; I shall protect them."

Mr. Serjeant Cockell, in his address to the Jury, on behalf of the defendant, stated that this action, together with two others upon the same grounds, were brought at the instigation of a Mr. Lodge, an attorney. The learned Serjeant said, that he did not think, there had been an attorney in the county of York, who had been so disgraceful to his profession, as Mr. Lodge appeared to be. In that county, the learned Serjeant said, they were as honourable a body of professional men as were to be found in the kingdom, and he was sorry that Mr. Lodge, by his conduct, had added discredit to that body; that he had created these law-suits against three poor men, not for the purpose of punishing them for having violated the laws of their country, but for the purpose that he, Mr. Lodge, might have a journey to York, and thereby add to his own benefit. The learned Serjeant said, "I trust there is not one of you, gentlemen of the Jury, who can forbear your just indignation at this suit; this is not an action, common under the game laws. A man who is a poacher I consider a fit object of legal punishment; I am no advocate for such men; I am no advocate for licentiousness of any kind, and I am an enemy to tyranny and every impure motive; but I consider this action as founded upon the worst of motives, and one of the most tyrannical in nature. If I know a lord of a manor, whose wealth and situation in life enables him to shed his blessings around him, such a one, I say, has it in his power to add more to the stability of the laws of the country than all our penal statutes; he creates confidence, attachment, and love to the country. By sometimes indulging his tenantry in the innocent sport of hunting, he gives them an opportunity of adding to their strength and spirit: by sometimes being so indulged, they return with double pleasure to their necessary labours. Lady Grantham, wishing to indulge her tenantry, directed her gamekeeper to collect some hounds for that purpose: he did so; but their manly exercise was interrupted by Mr. Lodge." The learned Serjeant said, "it has been told you, that they were hunting in Lord Wortley's manor: it is true; but the hare was started in Lord Grantham's liberty; and will any man say that bounds can be given to a hare?—She ran out of one manor into the other: there was no means of preventing it, but by putting a curb into the hare's mouth, with a cord to it, always in the huntsman's hands. The game laws were enacted for no other purpose than to prevent the destruction of game by poaching or other unfair means; they were not enacted for the punishment of those amusements which gave the blessings of health and exercise." The learned Serjeant said, he trusted there was not a judge, or a magistrate in this country, who would put those penalties in force against a gentleman who sported honourably, but from whose fortune in life he was subject to these penalties; the learned Serjeant repeated, he hoped there was not such a judge or magistrate in this country; but if there were, he would say, the liberties of Englishmen were gone for ever; that a judge or a magistrate so acting, were either sowing the seeds of discontent and disaffection in the country, or chaining us down in the fetters of slavery. What Englishman, he said, would not feel elevated at the uncoupling of a pack of hounds? It was a pleasure which

Englishmen

Englishmen in particular were fond of; but if an attorney, like Mr. Lodge, is at his pleasure to interfere, as he had done in that sport, then there was at once an end of all its pleasures. Those people went out with the greatest confidence, because they knew they were under the protection of Lady Grantham's game-keeper; and little did any of them suppose that this Mr. Lodge could pursue them to York Assizes, for exercising that pleasure. The learned Serjeant, after giving a humourous description of a Lancashire hunt, called, on behalf of the defendant,

Robert Addison, Lady Grantham's gamekeeper. He proved his deputation and certificate; that on the 7th of November, he got some hounds, and gave public notice of his intention to hunt next day; that the hounds were uncoupled by him, and that they were entirely under his management.

Mr. Parke, in addressing the Jury, stated to them their duty; that they were not to be led astray by the eloquence of any one, particularly by the eloquent address which they had heard from his learned friend, but to that which comes before them. The learned counsel contended, that by following a pack of hounds, the defendant had subjected himself to the penalties which this action was brought to recover.

The learned Judge, in his address to the Jury, said, that an information against a person for using a dog, for the purpose of killing game, was good; but there was no proof of the defendant having used, he merely followed the dogs, and it did not appear in evidence that he had any command over the dogs; there was no evidence that he had hallooed or shouted after the dogs, which, if there had been evidence that he had done, the learned Judge observed, he rather thought it would have made him liable to the penalties. He expressed his sorrow that this action was brought; he thought it a most infamous one; and, before he let loose an attorney, such as Mr. Lodge, upon the public, he thought it his duty thus to state his conception of the law, and his opinion of this action.

The Jury gave a verdict for the defendant.

COURTS MARTIAL.

First, On Officers of the Eighty third Regiment.

THE numerous depredations committed by the soldiery in the neighbourhood of Chelmsford Barracks, have been strictly investigated, by order of his Royal Highness the Commander in Chief. The result of this inquiry has been highly exemplary to the service, as will appear by the official document annexed, affording, at the same time, the most effectual protection to civil society, from the licentiousness of military insubordination.

Horse Guards, Mar. 18,

"SIR

"I am directed by the Commander in Chief to express to you the extreme concern with which his Royal Highness received the representations made by certain magistrates of the county of Essex, of the enormities which have been lately committed in the vicinity of Chelmsford, by the regiment under your command. Though his Royal Highness entertained, in his own mind, little doubt as to the cause to which these disgraceful instances of indiscipline were to be attributed, he avoided giving any opinion on the

the subject, till all the circumstances relative thereto were investigated, and had been reported on by a general officer, on whose judgment, discretion, and impartiality, his Royal Highness could place the most perfect reliance. After these previous steps, his Royal Highness judged it proper to make a detailed report of every circumstance which had come to his knowledge to the King; the result of which I am now to communicate to you by his Royal Highness's command.

"His Majesty is pleased to direct, that it shall be expressed to the 83d regiment, that the conduct of certain individuals of the corps has been such, as has brought disgrace on the regiment; and, both in a civil and military point of view, has incurred his Majesty's highest displeasure. His Majesty particularly laments, that certain officers of the regiment have been most scandalously deficient in that zeal, energy, and activity, in the discharge of their duty, which the circumstances complained of so strongly demanded; and that, instead of co-operating with the commanding officer, and assisting him in his endeavours to curb the licentiousness of the soldiers, they have rather endeavoured to prevent the discovery of the offenders; and, by the remissness of their own conduct, have set an example of indiscipline, which has produced the exact effect which might be expected on the men.

"His Majesty will not allow officers, so destitute of those feelings which a due sense of what they owe to themselves, and a proper regard for the honour of their profession, ought to have inspired, to occupy situations of important command and respectability in his service, while others of approved talents and zeal are removed from the active duties of it. On this principle, his Majesty is pleased to direct, that Lieutenant Colonel John Byne Skerrett, and the Captains William Armstrong and Lewis Grant, of the 83d regiment, shall be immediately placed on half-pay.

"The Commander in Chief directs, that you declare at the head of the 83d regiment, which is to be under arms on the occasion, these his Majesty's commands; and you will take that opportunity of impressing the necessity of each individual exerting himself, in order to wipe off the stigma which the misconduct, it is to be hoped, of a few, has brought on the regiment. To the officers it is particularly necessary that you should address yourself; for it is by their endeavours, that the discipline of the regiment must be restored. In their station, each individual must be a benefit or a detriment to the service; and the Commander in Chief desires they may be most solemnly assured, that his Royal Highness considers it as much his indispensable duty, to recommend to his Majesty the removal from his service, of any—whatever their rank may be—who fall under the latter description, as it is his inclination to promote the interests and welfare of those whose conduct is calculated to support the discipline of the regiment, and to entitle them to the favour and protection of their Sovereign.

"It is his Royal Highness's command, that Lieutenant Colonel Skerrett, and the Captains Armstrong and Grant, shall immediately quit the quarters of the 83d regiment.

"I have the honour to be, Sir, your most obedient humble servant,

HARRY CALVERT,
"Adjutant Gen.

"*Lt. Gen. J. Balfour, or Officer commanding the 83d Regt.*"

 GENERAL

GENERAL ORDERS.

"*Horse Guards, March* 18.

"It is the Commander in Chief's pleasure, that the inclosed copy of a letter to the Colonel of the 83d regiment, shall be read at the head of every regiment in the service, and entered in the regimental orderly books.

"By his Royal Highness's command, HARRY CALVERT.

"Adjutant Gen."

Second, On Officers of the Coldstream Regiment of Foot Guards.

A COURT MARTIAL was lately held upon Captain Maclellan, brother of Lord Kirkcudbright, and Ensign Lloyd, of the Coldstream Guards, in consequence of the following circumstance:—While at mess, in Barracks, a short time since, Capt. M. declining to drink more wine after dinner, was asked by the other the reason?—"To tell you the truth," replied the former, "I have an *assignation with your wife to-night*, and, as a man of honour, I am resolved to keep it!" Ensign L. endeavoured to pass this off as a joke; but the other assuring him that he was in earnest, received a glass of wine in his face, and a manual skirmish ensued. The commanding officer having heard the case, with the addition that no farther step had been taken by either party, put them both under an arrest, and reported their conduct to the Commander in Chief. The sentence, which has been confirmed by the King, is, that Captain M. be dismissed the service, and Ensign L. suspended and deprived of pay for six months.

A NEW BALLET OF ACTION,

AT THE

ITALIAN OPERA.

THE entertainments of Saturday night, April 16, attracted a full and brilliant audience, among which the prince of Wales shone, as he always does, conspicuous. Madame Bolla sang with much taste and judgment, the simple and affecting music of Molinari.

But the most *striking* entertainment of the evening was a new Ballet of *Action*, which was not announced in the bills. In consequence of the abominable abuse of of allowing Gentlemen behind the scenes, some heroes, "hot with the Tuscan grape, and high in blood," stole upon the stage during the performance of the ballet of Laurette. One of them, qualified to dance the part of Bacchus, would cross during the ballet. A male figurante stopped him, and a scene shifter came up to deny his passage. The audience noticing, and not liking this *new interlude*, called, off! off! The gentleman struck the figurante, and according to report knocked out one of his teeth. The figurante returned the blow with spirit and agility. Two or three gentlemen, friends of the combatant, then rushed on the stage. Many gentlemen in the pit, now called out, "a ring! a ring! fair play! a boxing match between a *gentleman* and a scene shifter on the Opera stage, will be a much more new and entertaining sight than a contest between Belcher and Berks." Pleased as ladies usually are at the mention of a *ring*; on this occasion they were alarmed. Most of them retired. The three or four gentlemen were opposed by as many scene-shifters and carpenters, and a battle royal took place, fought with more zeal than

than is usually witnessed on a licenced stage. The confusion and scuffle became general on the stage, the agitation considerable among the audience. Mr. Kelly, the Manager, was called for, appeared, ordered the curtain down, the peace officers and guards were called in, Mr. Kelly ordered them to do their duty, which they did, and put an end to this new *Marengo*. The ballet of Laurette was then concluded. We trust this occurrence will put a final period to the admission of strangers on the stage of the Opera House.

KENSINGTON GARDENS.

SIR JOHN DINELY,

THE

PARISIAN BEAUTIES, &c.

THE 17th inst. might be reckoned the first of the Sunday Spring promenades. A cold wind, and much dust, kept many Ladies away; the gardens were, notwithstanding, tolerably attended. The walk from the gate down to the river, was thronged with fashion: it is the most open and pleasant—But when the sun becomes more powerful, the old walk westward, sheltered from its rays, will alone be the scene of gay resort. Several well dressed women appeared, and many beauties. Lilac silks, straw bonnets, and white muslins, were displayed in all the spirit of summer. The handkerchief, robe, or jacket, hanging with one point behind, attracted the most notice; and as several of them were made of elegant materials, they excited the most admiration. Proceeding along, contemplating the varieties and elegances of dress, the eye was arrested by a droll figure, covered with all the colours of the rainbow, and having all the exterior of insanity. This was Sir John Dinely, well known at the west end of the town, a little old man, about seventy, rivaling old Q. in years, and surpassing him in gaiety. He had on scarlet small clothes, a blue waiscoat, and orange coat; over all of which was a large shabby drab great coat. He wore a large King Charles's wig, highly powdered, without any hat; and as if this dress were not sufficiently attractive, expanded over his head was a large silk umbrella, to protect his delicate countenance from the sun, and to put to the blush the petty parasols twinkling around him. Sir John attracted a crowd in his train; and struck with surprize, if not admiration, every promenader. But his triumph was at last eclipsed; about half past three, a bevy of Parisian beauties entered; two marched before, and three behind. Of the two first, one was a tall handsome woman; the other rather shorter, and more *en bon point*; whose tight petticoats made a perfect display of muscular motion.—They were dressed in the finest muslins, with curricle jackets, orange shawls over the arm, the neck fashionably bare, the arms bare to the shoulders; the hair dressed *a la Grec*, with ringlets *a la Meduse*; no cap or bonnet on the head, but only a rich white lace veil, covering the head and shoulders also. The moment these ladies passed Sir John, the popular current turned, Sir John was left *solus*, and the ladies were surrounded. They went out of the public walk in hopes of avoiding the crowd; but by this they attracted the greater concourse. Seeing a mob at a distance, every one ran to know what was the matter. The throng became a downright mob,

consisting mostly of young men of the lower class, in their Sunday clothes, who rudely pressed around the ladies. They were not wilfully insulted; no one spoke to them, nor did any one touch them; but the crowd was so great around, and so closely followed them, that though they bore the dust and uproar with much good humour for a time, they soon discovered the necessity of retiring. They turned back, and crossed the public walk somewhat embarrassed. During all this time, no valiant knight stepped forward to protect them.—Even in this rural and romantic scene, the age of chivalry had fled, and the glory of Kensington gardens was extinguished for ever. The ladies were not so immodestly dressed as many demure English women are sometimes at the Opera; not more than a third of their necks was bare, and their petticoats were not tucked to the hams. The fault they committed was, they were dressed for a ball, and not for a forenoon's promenade. It was this that attracted attention; it might be *a la Parisien*; but John Bull stared. The two ladies made their way out of the gardens, with a great mob at their heels, which the footmen at the door joined, without adding to its politeness. They walked across the Park to the carriage-road, an excessive crowd following, kicking up a dust; the horsemen riding up in all directions, to know whether it was a pickpocket, a boxing match, or General Andreossi! Within a few paces of the coach-way, two gallant knights at last offered the ladies their protection, which was most readily accepted. One of them was a strong, tall, handsome man, able to knock down any insolent spectator. By this time the ladies were quite pale with fear, and quite dusty. At last they found their sociable—a happy discovery after such treatment—and, seated in it, waited for their friends. The three other ladies, two of them being dressed in the English fashion, and one, although highly Parisian, yet very low in stature, had not been much noticed, and reached the sociable soon after, when all got off in safety. We were unable to learn the names of these ladies. Some said one of them was Madame Recamier; others, that Madame Talien was of the party: but neither of these ladies is in England. The ladies were, however, fine women, and most elegantly dressed. A Bond-Street haberdasher, a man of judgment, said each of them did not walk under less than two hundred guineas worth of lace.

DOG MONSTER.

A MISCREANT, deserving the appellation of *dog monster*, has lately committed several atrocious cruelties on the canine species, in the neighbourhood of Egham. Several valuable dogs have been mutilated in a manner too shocking to describe. We, however, have the satisfaction to learn, that the perpetrator of these barbarities is not wholly unknown; and, for the sake of humanity, we hope he will shortly be made an example of in a court of justice.—It is truly lamentable, that in a country so famed for civilization, we should so repeatedly have to record instances of brutal barbarity, committed on the human and brute species, the bare recital of which would make the most illiterate savage blush!

THE

THE MARRIAGE PROMISE.

Theatre-Royal, Drury-Lane.

THIS Comedy was performed for the first time on Saturday evening the 16th instant. It is, we understand, the production of Mr. Allingham, the author of the popular entertainment of Fortune's Frolic, and some other pieces, which have been sanctioned by public approbation.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Charles Merton ···	Mr. C. Kemble.
Sidney··········	Mr. Dwyer.
Tandem··········	Mr. Bannister.
Consols··········	Mr. Dowton.
George Howard ···	Mr. Pope.
Farmer Woodland	Mr. Palmer.
Policy··········	Mr. Hollingsworth.
Jefferies········	Mr. Powell.
Mrs. Howard·····	Mrs. Powell.
Mrs. Harvey·····	Mrs. Sparks.
Emma Harvey····	Mrs. Jordan.
Mary Woodland ··	Miss Mellon.

The fable and characters have no exotic origin; they are in every respect of genuine English growth, and the author is not indebted to any foreign dramatist, or to any novel of the day, for the groundwork of his story, or the complexion of the persons brought forward on the scene. The following sketch will give a sufficient idea of the principal incidents:—

Charles Merton, arriving at his late father's mansion, to take possession of his estate, with the companion of his travels, Sidney, a young man of dissipated manners, is met by Tandem, a whimsical character, who has acted as his father's steward, and from whose knavery and tricks many incidents arise. A plot is laid by Sidney and Tandem to make Merton drunk, Tandem having been invited, at Sidney's request, to dine with them. Merton, in a state of inebriety, insults Mary, the daughter of Farmer Woodland. Having recovered from his intoxication, he feels deep remorse for his conduct, and, to expiate his offence, determines to offer Mary his hand. For this purpose, he writes to Woodland, and gives the letter for delivery to Tandem, who is distressed at finding his master in correspondence with Woodland, whom he has previously ordered to be arrested for rent due, on his having refused him his daughter. Mrs. Harvey, a gentlewoman reduced to great distress, having retired, with her daughter Emma, to a cottage granted her by the late Mr. Merton, an intimate friend of her deceased husband Captain Harvey, receives notice that her agent, who held the remnant of her fortune in trust, has failed, and the lease of her cottage having expired at the time young Merton takes possession, her daughter Emma resolves to wait on him to intercede for her mother. In this interview, Merton feels the interest of a lover, and is in despair when he reflects on the promise made to Mary Woodland. From this incident the play takes its title. To refer to another part of the plot, Consols, an old stock-broker, very rich, arrives in the village, accompanied by his clerk Policy, to whom he declares, that his immense wealth rather makes him miserable than happy, and that he is resolved to part with some of it to relieve the necessities of the unfortunate. He enters the cottage of George Howard, by whom he is kindly treated and relieved, Howard supposing him in distress. In the mother of Howard, Consols finds a lost daughter, who having been privately married to the father of Charles Merton, is involved in distress by his having neglected her, and married again. From these circumstances

circumstances, many interesting situations arise. Merton becomes acquainted with his father's turpitude by means of a letter supposed to have been written with his dying hand, recommending Mrs. H. and her son to his care. Howard, incensed at Merton's conduct to Mary Woodland, challenges him; they meet, but are prevented fighting by an old servant, who was in the secret, and declares them to be brothers. Merton receives the hand of Emma Harvey, whilst Mary Woodland bestows her's on George Howard, and thus the piece concludes.

In the main source of interest, as well as in the progress of the business, Mr. Allingham may lay just claim to the praise of originality, and while the best interests of morality are strictly consulted, he introduces, with a happy effect, those light and pleasant allusions, without which, perhaps, it would be difficult to gratify an audience of the present day. The contrast of character between Merton and Sidney, the former distinguished by the highest principles of honour and benevolence, and the latter attached only to sensual pleasures, is finely marked. Tandem is a strong satire on the effrontery and importance of persons put into places of trust; and Emma Harvey possesses at once spirit, humour, vivacity, and a heart susceptible of the noblest feelings. There is some novelty in the character of Consols, who, worth nearly half a million, values his wealth only as it can be instrumental to the happiness of his fellow creatures; and, a true knight-errant in the cause of philanthropy, he goes in quest of those whom he may render happy.

The diction of the play is, with very few exceptions, natural and appropriate. In the common-place dialogue, the author has very judiciously confined himself to the modesty of nature; and where he attempts to soar into metaphoric phraseology, he shews himself equal to its boldest flights. One passage in particular was productive of reiterated bursts of applause, from the purity of its sentiment and the happiness of its expression. Emma Harvey, thinking very differently from her mother, who views their distresses with the eye of despondency, comforts herself with the following remark—"Old age views only the dull and gloomy side of the landscape, where nodding rocks and dreadful precipices threaten the timid traveller with destruction; but my youthful fancy sees a delightful path bedecked with fragrant shrubs and beauteous flowers, through which the cherub Hope leads the pleased wanderer to happiness and joy."

The performers did every possible justice to their characters. Bannister in Tandem displayed a versatility of whim and humour that excited reiterated applause; C. Kemble's Merton is one of his happiest parts. Pope conferred upon George Howard all the interest which the author could wish. Dwyer was spirited and easy in Sidney; and Palmer and Powell contributed very much by their efforts to the success of the piece.

Emma Harvey is peculiarly suited to Mrs. Jordan's talents and manner, and her exertions were crowned with unbounded success. She triumphed alike in the pathetic and the humorous. She introduced two airs, which were not inapplicable to the occasion, and were received with enthusiastic plaudits. The first, which she gave in the second act, is composed by Kelly, and was deservedly encored. The

words

words are simple, and the strain affecting:

"Young Colinette, a lovely maid,
Had she been wise, as she was fair,
By Lubin had not been betray'd;
Who prais'd her shape, and prais'd her air,
And stole her heart away:
Ah! well-a-day.

"By vows as false, as false could be,
He ruin'd the lovely Colinette;
And careless then away went he,
And left the maid to pine and fret,
And sigh her life away:
Ah! well-a-day."

We do not recollect for the last ten years any production at this Theatre which has been more favourably received than the Marriage Promise; and there is no doubt that it will possess irresistible attractions for the remainder of the season.

The prologue, which had chiefly for its theme the title of the peace, was admirably delivered by Dwyer. The epilogue is but a thing of "shreds and patches," scarcely worthy of notice; and it did not derive much interest from the manner in which it was spoken by Miss Mellon.

The audience was numerous and fashionable; the boxes and pit overflowed at an early hour.

The piece has been since repeated with undiminishing marks of approbation.

EASTER SPORTS.

THE weather on Easter Monday was extremely propitious to the holiday amusements, and every place of public resort was crowded with visitors.

In the first place, the Epping Hunt, from the fineness of the day, attracted a great crowd on Monday, to Epping Forest; some to join in the chase, others to gaze. At an early hour, the road from Whitechapel was lined with coaches, chariots, gigs, buggies, taxed carts, curricles, equestrians, and pedestrians. A report having been circulated that Colonel Thornton had given a beautiful stag to be turned out on Easter Monday, for the amusement of the holiday folks, many persons were induced to be present from that circumstance alone. The fact, however, was not so. At a quarter before one o'clock, a stag, decorated with ribbons, was brought in a cart, and turned out upon the level, at a short distance from the Bald-faced Stag. He immediately made off down the hollow to the left, over Gold Hill, followed by a numerous train, which he kept at a respectful distance for several miles. After making many circuitous turns, and affording a very good view to those not immediately joining in the chace, he made for Loughton, through which place he passed, and then ran to the woods, where, after a chace of three hours, he left them in the lurch, and was not seen after; huntsmen, whippers-in, men, horses, and dogs, returning without the satisfaction of being in at the death. It was remarked, that so fine a chase had not been remembered for many years. We did not hear of any accident, though, as usual, several persons were dismounted. Colonel Thornton presented a stag to Mr. Mellish, lord of the manor, which was shewn to a great number of persons.

Greenwich Park resembled a numerous encampment of gipsies, and the usual luxuries of holiday festivities, such as gin and gingerbread, lollipops, and oysters stewed in the sun, regaled the happy assemblage. The gentle misses, adorned with modest blushes, were

prevailed upon to play at the delicate amusement of Roley Poley down the hill. It was difficult to say, whether the varied charms of the ladies, or the amorous gaze of their sweethearts, attracted most the notice of the sober and unimpassioned philosopher. Several gentlemen of notorious gallantry, at the west end of the town, in disguise, appeared among the holiday oglers, and the sensations manifest among the crowd of gapers, seemed to express a wish for a repetition of these innocent and captivating elagancies.

Astley's Amphitheatre attracted crowds long before they could gain admittance. The house retains its usual gay and pleasing appearance; and has been so thoroughly touched up as to have the appearance almost of novelty. The scenery, dances, and all the dramatic part of the exhibition, embraces much novelty. Many new performers have been brought forward; and the horsemanship is this year in a superior style of excellence.

The Circus and Sadler's Wells were also opened, and, as we learn, with considerable variation and improvement.

HORSEMANSHIP.

As connected with the Order and Progress of Chivalry.

NONE of the new distinctions which are introduced among men, with respect to the discipline and conduct of war, in consequence of the acquisition of property and the invention of arts, is more remarkable than that occasioned by the use of horses in military expeditions, and the training of them to the evolutions of the military art. Fire-arms, it is true, give to those who are acquainted with them, a great superiority over those to whom their use is unknown, than what the horseman possesses over him who fights on foot. But the use of fire-arms is of such importance in war, and the expence attending it so inconsiderable, that wherever these have been introduced, they have seldom been confined to one particular order in an army; and therefore they produce indeed a remarkable, though transient, distinction among different nations; but establish no permanent distinctions in the armies of any one nation. But to maintain a horse, to equip him with costly furniture, to manage him with dexterity and vigour, are circumstances which have invariably produced a standing and conspicuous distinction among the military order, wherever bodies of cavalry have been formed. The Roman equites, who, though they became at length a body of usurers and farmers general, were originally the only body of cavalry employed by the state, occupied a respectable rank between the senators and the plebeians; and the elegance and humanity of their manners were suitable to their rank. In ancient Greece, and in the celebrated monarchies of Asia, the same distinction prevailed at a similar period.

Since the circumstances and principles on which this distinction depends are not such as must be confined in their influence to one particular nation, or one region of the globe, we may hope to trace their effects among the savage warriors of Scithia and Germany, as well as among the Greeks or Romans. From the valuable treatise of Tacitus de Moribus Germanorum, we learn, that among the German warriors a distinction somewhat of this nature did actually subsist; not so

so much indeed a distinction between the warriors who fought on horseback and those who fought on foot, as between those whom vigour of body and energy of mind enabled to brave all the dangers of war, and such as, from the imbecility of youth, the infirmities of age, or the natural inferiority of their mental and bodily powers, were unequal to scenes of hardship and deeds of valour. The youth was not permitted to take arms and join his warlike countrymen in their military expeditions whenever he himself thought proper. There was a certain age before which he could not be invested with armour. When he had attained that period, if not found deficient in strength, activity, or courage, he was formally invested with the shield and the lance, called to the duties, and admitted to all the honours, of a warrior.

Another fact worthy of notice respecting the manners of the barbarians of Germany before they established themselves in the cultivated provinces of the Roman empire is, that their women, contrary to what we find among many other rude nations, were treated with an high degree of respect. They did not generally vie with the men in deeds of valour, but they animated them by their exhortations to distinguish themselves in the field? and virgins especially were considered with a sacred veneration, as endowed with prophetic powers, capable to foresee events hid in the womb of futurity, and even to influence the will of the deities. Hence, though domestic duties were their peculiar province, yet they were not harshly treated nor confined to a state of slavery. There appears, indeed, a striking analogy between the condition of the women among the rude soldiers of Sparta, and the rank which they occupied among the warlike cantons of Germany. Perhaps, indeed, the German were still more honourable than the Spartan women; as they were taught to wield the magic weapons of superstition, which in Greece were appropriated to the priests.

It appears, therefore, that, in the forests of Germany at least, if not in the more northern regions of Asia and Europe, the conquerors of the Roman empire, before they penetrated into its provinces, treated their women with a degree of respect unknown to most of the nations of antiquity; that the character of the warrior was likewise highly honourable, being understood to unite all those qualities which were in the highest estimation.

When those nations sallied from their deserts and forests, over-ran the Roman empire, and established themselves in its provinces, the change which took place on their circumstances was remarkable; and by a natural influence, it could not but produce an equally remarkable change on their habits, customs, and manners. The great outlines might still remain; but they could not now fail to be filled up in a different manner. Here, however, the records of history are peculiarly imperfect. We have no Cæsar or Tacitus to supply facts or direct our reasonings; the Gothic nations had not yet learned to read and write; and the Romans were so depressed under the sense of their own miseries, as to be negligent of the changes which happened around them. But as soon as the light of history begins again to dawn, we find that the leading features of the barbarian character were not effaced, but only modified in a particular manner, in consequence of their mixing among a more polished people, becoming

 acquainted

acquainted with the luxuries of life, and acquiring extensive power and property.

Those who fought on horseback now began to be distinguished with peculiar honours. The manners of the warrior too were become more cultivated, and his spirit more humane. Leisure and opulence, with the influence of a polished people, even though in a state of slavery, taught those barbarians to aspire after more refined pleasures, and more splendid amusements than those which they had been before satisfied with. The influence of Christianity too, which, though grossly corrupted, was still favourable to the social happiness of mankind, concurred to polish their manners and exalt their character. Hence, in the end of the tenth, and in the beginning of the eleventh century, we see knighthood, with that romantic gallantry, piety, and humanity, by which it was principally distinguished, make its appearance.

The passion for arms among the Germanic states, was now carried to extremity. It was amidst scenes of death and peril that the young were educated: it was by valour and feats of prowess that the ambitious signalized their manhood. All the honours they knew were allotted to the brave. The sword opened the path to glory. It was in the field that the ingenious and the noble flattered most their pride, and acquired an ascendency. The strength of their bodies, and the vigour of their counsels, surrounded them with warriors and lifted them to command.

But, among these nations, when the individual felt the call of valour, and wished to try his strength against an enemy, he could not of his own authority take the lance and the javelin. The admission of their youth to the privilege of bearing arms, was a matter of too much importance to be left to chance or their own choice. A form was invented by which they were advanced to that honour.

The council of the district, or of the canton to which the candidate belonged, was assembled. His age and his qualifications were inquired into; and if he was deemed worthy of being admitted to the privileges of a soldier, a chieftain, his father, or one of his kindred, adorned him with a shield and the lance. In consequence of this solemnity, he prepared to distinguish himself; his mind opened to the cares of the public; and the domestic concerns, or the offices of the family from which he had sprung, were no longer the objects of his attention. To this ceremony, so simple and so interesting, the institution of Knighthood is indebted for its rise.

Knighthood, however, as a system, known under the denomination of Chivalry, is to be dated only from the eleventh century. All Europe being reduced to a state of anarchy and confusion on the decline of the house of Charlemagne, every proprietor of a manor or lordship became a petty sovereign; the monsion-house was fortified by a moat, defended by a guard, and called a castle. The governor had a party of 700 or 800 men at his command; and with these he used frequently to make excursions, which commonly ended in a battle with the lord of some petty state of the same kind, whose castle was then pillaged, and the women and treasures borne off by the conqueror. During this state of universal hostility, there was no friendly communications between the provinces, nor any high roads from one part of the kingdom to another: the wealthy traders, who then travelled from place to place with their

their merchandise and their families, were in perpetual danger; the lord of almost every castle extorted something from them on the road; and at last, some one more rapacious than the rest, seized upon the whole of the cargo, and bore off the women for his own use.

(To be continued.)

MORE OF THE DUEL,

BETWEEN

Colonel Montgomery and Captain Macnamara.

(Continued from Page 28.)

BILLS of indictment, for wilful murder, were, on Wednesday the 20th instant, presented to the Grand Jury of the County of Middlesex, against Captain Macnamara, Mr. Heaviside, Sir William Keir, and Captain Barry. Some witnesses for the prosecution were examined; but the Grand Jury could discover no ground of serious charge against any of the parties, and accordingly threw out the whole of the bills. Mr. Heaviside was immediately discharged from his confinement in Newgate.

As Captain Macnamara stood charged, on the Coroner's Inquest, with manslaughter, his trial took place the same day, at the Old Bailey, and of which the following is an accurate account.

Old Bailey, Friday, April 22.

TRIAL OF CAPT. MACNAMARA.

ABOUT nine o'clock in the morning, Captain Macnamara was removed from the hotel where he has been confined since he received the wound in the duel in which Colonel Montgomery lost his life, to Newgate, attended by his brother, and the medical gentleman who has attended him during the absence of Mr. Heaviside. The coach in which he was conveyed necessarily proceeded very slowly, on account of the very weak state in which the Captain still continues. Before ten, he arrived at Mr. Kirby's house, where he remained till the trial commenced. At one o'clock he was brought to the bar. His appearance bore evident traces of the severity of his wound. He was supported by two very genteel men, who accompanied him. The judge, Mr. Justice Heath, immediately ordered him a chair, on which he rested during the whole of the trial. His appearance is extremely prepossessing, and he conducted himself with the greatest decorum and propriety.

The indictment was then read over, in which he was accused of feloniously shooting at Robert Montgomery with a pistol loaded with a leaden ball, on Wednesday the 6th of April, on Primrose hill, in the parish of St. Pancras, whereby the said Robert Montgomery received a wound through the body, of which he died.

Captain Macnamara pleaded not guilty, and being asked how he would be tried, he answered in the terms usual on such occasions.

Mr. Knapp, counsel for the prosecution, then addressed the jury in substance as follows:

" Gentlemen of the Jury—The officer of the Court has stated to you the charge which imputes to the gentleman at the bar the death of Colonel Montgomery, in consequence of a wound received from a pistol discharged by him on Wednesday,

nesday, the 6th of April, as stated in the indictment. In the observations which I shall make on this case, and in reciting the facts which it is my duty to lay before you, I shall carefully abstain from creating in your mind any prejudice whatever. Acting on the principle that all cases tried by juries should be tried on the evidence laid before them, and on that only, I feel what often has been felt before in this Court, what every one of you must have felt, the ill consequence of prejudices excited by the public prints, the evil of which is not only injurious by the feeling which it creates in the public mind at large, but particularly by the influence it has on the minds of those who are to compose the jury by which the offence is to be tried. I am confident that no prejudice of this nature can work on your minds, because I have seen, from the commencement of the sessions, that you have regulated your conduct by your oath, and by that alone. The charge which is brought before you is for manslaughter only; it will give you, as well as me and every other person, satisfaction that it does not affect the life of the prisoner; but it is, however, highly grave and important, and no doubt it will obtain from you attention equal to its importance. If any question of law shall arise, which, however, I do not at present anticipate, I will not trouble you with any opinion of my own upon it, as an opinion coming from me might possibly affect the prisoner, and as any law that may arise will be stated with so much more authority by the Court. I am not aware, however, of any point of law that can arise. The single question you are to try is, whether the deceased received his death from the hand of the prisoner, in consequence of a meeting on Primrose-hill. If you find that fact, the law, I believe, is not liable to any doubt, but is clear and explicit. Both of the gentlemen engaged in that unfortunate business are connected with respectable families. The gentleman at the bar is famed for the courage and magnanimity which he has invariably displayed in the service of his country, and for every other quality that can do honour to a man and a gentleman. The deceased was a man equally honoured and esteemed, and possessed of the affections of an extensive and respectable connection, highly beloved by a family whose feeble instrument I am in conducting the prosecution. It is my instruction, as well as my inclination, not to aggravate any thing that is to appear in evidence; but yet not to violate my professional duty, by passing over in silence any thing I ought to notice."

The learned counsel then proceeded to detail the circumstances which led to the duel, the manner in which it was conducted, and its fatal termination. Into these details we conceive it unnecessary to enter, as they will appear more satisfactorily in the evidence. In conclusion, he said, "the prosecutor, Gentlemen, has no wish, no anxiety, as to the fate of this trial. He is desirous only of performing a duty due to his deceased relative, and the cause of public justice and utility. If the effect of this prosecution shall be to put a stop to the practice of duelling, so destructive to the good order and the peace of society, it would justly be considered as one of the most fortunate, the most salutary, and the most advantageous prosecutions which was ever brought before a jury of the country."

Having concluded his address, the learned counsel proceeded to call the evidence for the prosecution.

The

The first witness called was—Mr. William Sloane, who stated that he was in Hyde Park on horseback on Wednesday the 6th of April, about half past four in the afternoon. He was riding with Col. Montgomery, the deceased, and several other gentlemen. When they had got near to the barrier on the new ride, Col. Montgomery's Newfoundland dog, and a dog of the same species belonging to Capt. Macnamara began fighting. Col. Montgomery seeing this, got off his horse, and endeavoured to separate the dogs. He at this time heard Col. Montgomery ask whose dog it was that had attacked his dog? Capt. Macnamara rode up, and answered "That's my dog;" Col. Montgomery then said, "if that dog is not called off; if that dog attacks mine again, I will knock him down." Capt. Macnamara, in reply to this, said, "Have you the arrogance to say that you will knock down my dog?" The Col. repeated what he had said, and again asserted that he would certainly knock down Captain Macnamara's dog if it attacked his again. The witness heard the same expressions from Capt. Macnamara repeated. Before this, lord Burghersh had joined the party, and they all rode together towards Piccadilly. While they were in the Park, Col. Montgomery said who he was, and Capt. Macnamara said that he was a Captain in the Royal Navy. Col. Montgomery said to Capt. Macnamara, that it was not his intention to quarrel with him, but if his dog attacked his he should knock him down. They rode along Piccadilly, and the witness took leave of Col. Montgomery at the top of St. James's-Street, with the intention of going to another part of the town. Captain Macnamara had passed St. James's-Street, but turned back, and in Jermyn-Street the witness saw Capt. Macnamara and the deceased at a distance of not more than ten yards. Capt. Barry went up to Col. Montgomery's party, and soon after returned to the place where Capt. Macnamara was standing. The witness could not state what was the nature of the conversation that passed at this time.

Cross-examined by Mr. Erskine.—He said that the dogs had begun fighting of their own accord, and that no one had set them on to quarrel. He heard Col. Montgomery call out in a loud tone of voice, "if you don't call off that dog, I'll knock him down." This request was not made in a civil manner. It was not delivered in a tone which one gentleman would naturally have used to another. On Capt. Macnamara's saying, "have you the arrogance to say that you will knock down my dog?" Col. Montgomery said, "If you are offended at any expressions of mine, you know where to find me." This was after they had exchanged their addresses.

Mr. Stephen Sloane gave an account similar to that of the preceding witness, of his being in the Park on the day on which the duel took place, and the manner in which the fighting of the dogs commenced. When Col. Montgomery threatened to knock down the dog by which his was attacked, the reply was, "you must knock me down afterwards." Col. Montgomery after this, observed, "this is a public place, and not fit for gentlemen to decide their quarrels. My name is Col. Montgomery, and if you are offended at any thing which I have said, you know where to find me." The answer of Captain Macnamara was, "I am Captain Macnamara, of the Royal Navy." Colonel Montgomery asked if he was disposed to take offence at any ex-

pressions

pressions of his? and Capt. Macnamara said, " No, I am not offended at what has hitherto passed, but if any expressions are used by you with the intention of giving me an insult, I am ready to take them up with the greatest eagerness." The witness recollected that the word arrogance had been repeatedly used by Capt. Macnamara in the course of the altercation. The latter part of this witnes's evidence was similar to that of the preceding witness respecting the passage along Piccadilly, and what took place in Jermyn-Street.

Cross-examined by Mr. Garrow. He did not hear Capt. Macnamara say, when Col. Montgomery threatened to knock down the dog, " that will depend on circumstances." He could not speak to the manner in which the request for calling off the dog was delivered.

Lord Burgersh (eldest son of the Earl of Westmoreland) was present when the fighting of the dogs commenced. He heard Captain Macnamara, in consequence of some expressions of Col. Montgomery, say, " that is not fit language for one gentleman to use to another." As mentioned by the preceding witnesses. Col. Montgomery told him that if he felt himself injured, he knew where to apply. On the question being put to Capt. Macnamara, whether he conceived himself injured, he said, " that he was not offended with what had hitherto passed, but that if Col. Montgomery meant to insult him, he was as ready to take it up as any man in England." Col. Montgomery then replied, " it is not my intention to quarrel with you; but if your dog attacks mine again, I will certainly knock him down." Capt. Macnamara, while expressing his readiness to resent any insult, shook his stick, but the noble Lord considered this merely as an involuntary movement. He did not at all view it in the light of an intended insult.

Cross-examined by Mr. Erſkine. He said, that he heard nothing of Col. Montgomery's aſking to whom the dog which attacked his belonged.

Mr. Charles Smith was in the Park at the time the quarrel took place. He saw the two dogs begin fighting. Col. Montgomery got off his horse to separate them. He did not strike the dog which attacked his, but threatened to knock him down. Capt. Macnamara said, " you must knock me down first." Col. Montgomery remonstrated on Capt. Macnamara's not calling off his dog. Capt. Macnamara told him that he would not call off his dog, and that he would not be dictated to by him or any other man whatever. " Well, Sir," said Col. Montgomery, " I have only to repeat, that if your dog fights mine again, I'll knock him down; and you shall be very welcome to know where I am to be found. As a gentleman, however, I think you might have called off your dog." Capt. Macnamara, in answer to this, said, "No, Sir, I did not choose to call off my dog; I wished to see my dog fight. I ought to know where you are to be found, in consequence of what has already passed." This witnes's evidence did not go beyond these particulars. He was not examined before the grand jury.

Thomas Lutch, a servant to Mr. Deane, a stable keeper, in Bond-street, related all the circumstances of his being applied to for a post chaise; of his conveying Capt. Macnamara, Mr. Heavyside, and Capt. Barry, to Chalk-Farm; of their halting at Primrose-hill, and being met by Sir William Keir and Col. Montgomery; of the firing of the pistol, and its consequences.

Daniel

Daniel Farral, the hostler at the Three Kings, Piccadilly, was at Chalk Farm on the evening when the duel took place. Opposite the house, at a small distance, he saw several gentlemen conversing together. He saw them take their station at a small distance from each other, and soon after he heard the report of a pistol. He saw Col. Montgomery fall, and ran up to the spot immediately, when the Colonel was extended on the ground. At that time Mr. Heaviside was applying some lint to the wound. He was informed that Capt. Macnamara was also wounded. He accordingly directed a gentleman to hold his hand on the wound while he went to learn what was Capt. Macnamara's situation. This witness assisted in carrying Col. Montgomery to Chalk Farm, but did not see him dead. It was in his chaise that Capt. Macnamara returned to town.

Mr. James Hardinge, vintner in St. James's-Street, was at Chalk Farm, on Wednesday the 6th of April. He observed a party of gentlemen, among whom were Colonel Montgomery and Capt Macnamara, ascending Primrose-hill. He followed them at a distance. He saw Captain Barry giving directions to the servant to bring out a case of pistols from the chaise. This was about half past six in the evening; and the witness was distant about fifty yards. He saw Sir William Keir and Mr. Heaviside in conversation. The pistols were prepared, and one of them was fired off to ascertain whether it was in good order. The parties then separated. They took their distance, and Colonel Montgomery and Captain Macnamara fired at the same moment. At the time they fired they stood face to face. Colonel Montgomery fell; but Captain Macnamara did not fall. When the witness went up, Mr. Heaviside opened Colonel Montgomery's waistcoat, when the wound was found to be on the right side of the breast. Mr. Heaviside applied lint to the wound; but the witness thought that it was of a description which could not fail to prove mortal. The witness assisted in carrying off Colonel Montgomery from the field. At that time he groaned much, his eyes were fixed, and he had all the appearance of a dying man. The witness saw the corpse afterwards at Chalk Farm.

Lord Burghersh was again called. He saw the corpse at Chalk Farm, and was sure that it was the corpse of Colonel Montgomery.

Here the evidence for the prosecution closed, and Captain Macnamara was called on for his defence. He requested leave of the Court to read his defence sitting, which was readily granted. He accordingly read the following paper with proper emphasis and feeling:—

"Gentlemen of the Jury—I appear before you with the consolation that my character has already been delivered by the Verdict of a Grand Jury from the shocking imputation of Murder; and that although the evidence against me was laid before them without any explanation or evidence of the sensations which brought me into my present unhappy situation, they made their own impression, and no charge of criminal homicide was found against me. I was delivered at once from the whole effect of the indictment. I therefore now stand before you upon the inquisition only, taken before the Coroner upon the view of the body, under circumstances extremely affecting to the minds of those who were to deliberate on the transaction, and without the opportunity, which the benignity of the law affords me

at this moment, of repelling that inference of even *sudden* resentment against the deceased, which is the foundation of this inquest of Manslaughter.

"The origin of the difference, as you see it in the evidence, was insignificant:—The heat of two persons, each defending an animal under his protection, was natural, and could not have led to any serious consequences. It was not the deceased's defending his own dog, or his threatening to destroy mine, that led to the fatal catastrophe:—It was the defiance alone which most unhappily accompanied what was said. Words receive their interpretation from the avowed intention of the speaker. The offence was forced upon me by the declaration that he invited me to be offended, and challenged me to vindicate the offence by calling upon him for satisfaction. "If you "are offended with what has pass- "ed, you know where to find me." These words, unfortunately repeated and reiterated, have over and over again been considered by Criminal Courts of Justice as sufficient to support an indictment for a challenge. These judgments of Courts are founded upon the universal understandings and feelings of mankind, and common candour must admit, that an officer, however desirous to avoid a quarrel, cannot refuse to understand, what even the grave judges of the law must interpret as a provocation and a defiance. I declare, therefore, most solemnly, that I went into the field from no resentment against the deceased. Nothing, indeed, but insanity could have led me to expose my own life to such imminent peril, under the impulse of passion, from so inadequate a cause as the evidence before you exhibits, when separated from the defiance which was the fatal source of mischief; and I could well have overlooked that too, if the world, in its present state, could have overlooked it also. I went into the field, therefore, with no determination or desire to take the life of my opponent, or to expose my own. I went there in hopes of receiving some soothing satisfaction for what would otherwise have exposed me in the general feelings and opinions of the world. The deceased was a man of popular manners, as I have heard, and with a very general acquaintance. I, on the other hand, was in a manner a stranger in this great town, having been devoted from my infancy to the duties of my profession in distant seas. If under these circumstances, words which the deceased intended to be offensive, and which he repeatedly invited to be resented, had been passed by and submitted to, they would have passed from mouth to mouth, have been even exaggerated at every repetition, and my honour must have been lost.

"Gentlemen, I am a Captain in the British Navy. My character you can only hear from others; but to maintain my character in that station, I must be respected. When called upon to lead others into honourable danger, I must not be supposed to be a man who had sought safety by submitting to what custom has taught others to consider as a disgrace. I am not presuming to urge any thing against the laws of God, or of this land. I know that, in the eye of religion and reason, obedience to the law, though against the general feelings of the world, is the first duty, and ought to be the rule of action—but, in putting a construction upon my motives, so as to ascertain the quality of my actions, you will make allowances for my situation. It is impossible to define in terms, the proper

proper feelings of a gentleman—but their existence have supported this happy country, for many ages, and she might perish if they were lost.

"Gentlemen, I will detain you no longer, I will bring before you many honourable persons, who will speak what they know of me in my profession and in private life, which will the better enable you to judge whether what I have offered in my defence, may safely be received by you as truth. Gentlemen, I submit myself entirely to your judgments. I hope to obtain my liberty, through your verdict, and to employ it with honour in the defence of the liberties of my country."

It was judged unnecessary to call witnesses as to the origin of the quarrel, and therefore his Counsel proceeded to call the witnesses to character.

Never, perhaps, was there an instance of more distinguished and more warm and affectionate testimony given to the excellence of private character than that which was exhibitnd on this occasion. A number of the most eminent naval characters in the country spoke of Capt. Macnamara in a style of fervent eulogium, which could not but be highly gratifying to his feelings. By going through them minutely, we should merely be repeating one uninterrupted series of the most warm panegyrics on his gallantry as an officer, and his amiable qualities as a member of society.

The first witness to character was Lord Hood, to whom Mr. Erskine put a question, respecting the merit of Capt. Macnamara as an officer.

His Lordship was proceeding to speak of his gallantry, when the question was objected to by the Court. Capt. Macnamara might be an excellent officer, and yet very quarrelsome in private life. The only question at present relevant, was as to his character. The examination was accordingly confined to this point. His Lordship said that it had been his good fortune to promote Capt. Macnamara in 1794. He had the highest opinion not only of his gallantry, but his moderation. It was from a conviction of his excellent qualities as an officer, and his honourable conduct as a gentleman, that he had promoted him. He had not the least idea of his being at all of a quarrelsome disposition.

Lord Nelson had known Capt. Macnamara for nine years. He had served under his command, and had always conducted himself with the utmost gallantry. He declared solemnly before God and his country, that as he never knew a man who would be farther from submitting to an insult from any human being, than Capt. Macnamara, so he was sure that no one ever would be less disposed to offer an injury or insult to man, woman, or child.

Admiral Hotham's testimony in his favour was not less favourable.

Lord Minto spoke of him in the most interesting terms. He had known him since 1793. He had seen him often while he himself was in Corsica. He had opportunities of observing his manners in private life; and he had uniformly considered him as uncommonly mild, cheerful, and good humoured. Any thing like a disposition to quarelling was, in his opinion, the most remote from his nature.

Sir Hyde Parker had known him since 1790. He was captain of the ship in which he was an inferior officer. He had the very best opportunities of knowing what his disposition was; and he thought it the very reverse of quarrelsome. He considered Capt. Macnamara as a man of the nicest honour, and the utmost propriety of demeanour.

Sir Thomas Trowbridge, in a most

most intimate acquaintance of about nine years, spoke of him in the most affectionate terms. His temper was altogether amiable.

Gen. Churchill had known him in the West Indies, when he was introduced to him as a gentleman of the most honourable character. Acquaintance with him had only served to increase the prepossession raised in his favour by this introduction. He sailed with him from Jamaica to England. He considered him as a most good humoured and gay companion, and a man incapable of giving wilful offence.

But, indeed, why need we swell the list of these testimonies to the excellence of his disposition, and his gentlemanly manners.

Mr. Phillips, Dr. Baine, the Chief Clerk of the Admiralty, Captains Ledyard, Waller, More, and several other Naval Gentlemen of the highest respectability, repeated the same honourable testimonies. Indeed, as far as character could influence the opinion of the Jury, nothing was ever more splendid or more unsullied.

Mr. Justice Heath then addressed the Jury nearly as follows:—Gentlemen of the Jury, James Macnamara stands charged with manslaughter, in having feloniously fired a pistol loaded with ball, and thereby inflicting a mortal wound on Robert Montgomery. Your province, Gentlemen, is very limited. The fact has been established, not only by the evidence of witnesses, but by the confession of the Defendant himself. Manslaughter consists in slaying a man upon a sudden provocation. Fortunately the nature and the amount of the provocation are not now to be inquired into; for though the fatal event arose out of a quarrel, yet a considerable time had elapsed before the meeting took place. If the Coroner's Inquest had returned a verdict of Murder, then it would have been to be seen whether passion must not have been supposed to be cooled, and whether the prisoner did not go out with the deliberate purpose of taking away the life of his opponent. This, Gentlemen, would have been murder in the eye of the law, which knows nothing of the niceties of what is called honour. It is quite unnecessary for me to recapitulate the evidence. It appears beyond all possibility of doubt that, from a quarrel in Hyde Park, after a considerable space of time, and at a considerable distance, the parties met to decide their difference; that they fought, and that the deceased fell by a wound from the pistol of the prisoner at the bar. The prisoner has acknowledged the fact. He has received a high character; but that can have no influence upon your verdict, whatever it may have upon the sentence which the Court shall think it right to pronounce. You have only to consider whether the deceased fell by a wound given by the prisoner? It appears most clearly that he did. Gentlemen, consider of your verdict.

The Jury withdrew, and, after remaining out about twenty minutes, returned a verdict of—NOT GUILTY.

Capt. Macnamara was immediately led from the Bar by his friends, and, entering a coach that was in waiting for him, drove to the West end of the town.

The Court was extremely crowded, and a very general interest appeared to prevail respecting the issue of the trial. The verdict seemed to give the most general satisfaction. Capt. Macnamara is very interesting in his appearance, his countenance is marked at once with firmness and benignity. Among the persons of distinction present, we noticed the Dutch Ambassador, who was throughout very attentive

attentive to the proceedings. Several of the naval gentlemen who appeared to Mr. Macnamara's character gave their evidence from the gallery. They manifested uncommon alacrity to bear their testimony to the character of a brave companion in arms.

CHARACTER OF THE PARTIES.

Capt. Macnamara is a Naval Officer, who has much distinguished himself in two or three actions, as Commander of the Cerberus frigate. He served long on the Cork station, and lastly in the West Indies. He was made a Post Captain in 1795. He lately returned from the West Indies, and his ship was about two months ago paid off at Chatham.—He is about 36 years of age.

Mr. Montgomery was Lieutenant-Colonel of the 9th regiment of Foot, son of Sir Robert Montgomery, of Ireland, and brother-in-law to Mr. George Byng, and to the Marchioness of Townshend, by the father's side, though by a different mother. He was a very handsome, genteel man, about 28, and he also had fought bravely in the service of his country. In the Dutch Expedition, the Russians being put to flight, his regiment was thrown into confusion, and retreating in consequence of the Russians falling back upon them: at this time a drummer was killed, and Mr. Montgomery took up the drum, beating it to rally his men, he himself standing alone; he did rally them, and at their head rendered essential service. On several occasions in Egypt and Malta, he distinguished himself for his courage and spirit. He was very inoffensive, extremely good-natured, and an agreeable companion Col. M. was very particular in his dress, always remarkably neat and clean. His attention to dress did not prepossess in his favour, but no one ever knew him without being attached to him. He was remarkable some years ago for dressing like the late Duke of Hamilton, from which circumstance he was called the Duke of Hamilton's double, his shadow, &c, and down to the present time he was called the Birmingham (counterfeit) Duke. He almost daily rode in Hyde Park on a beautiful little white Arabian. It is a great pity that these two Gentlemen were allowed to fight while yet the heat of passion was upon them. Two braver men, whose courage has been more tried, or was better known, did not exist.

Sir William Keir, the Colonel's second, lost an arm some time ago, in a duel with Sir Marcus Somerville.

GENUINE SIMPLICITY.

THREE Clergymen, Curates of small parish churches in one neighbourhood, happened to meet lately at a public ordinary; when, after dinner, the subject turned on the irreligious opinions of some people, and the increasing infidelity of the present age. One said that *Unitarianism* had crept lately very much into his parish; a second complained sorely that his parishioners were infected with *Deism*; while the latter, more than any, lamented that some of his were tinctured with *Atheism*. A plain country rustic, sitting near, and having listened very attentively to these complaints, very innocently added—"You may be badly off in your parishes, but by the blid, we're worse off in our's, for we're terribly troubled with *Rheumatism*."

FEAST

FEAST OF WIT; OR, SPORTSMAN's HALL.

SLANG ETYMOLOGY.

A POOR miserable thief had been all night upon the prowl, and taken nothing, till going through Covent-Garden, to keep his hand in, he stole one of the ladders from a night-cart; but, being pursued by the priests of Cloacina, was soon taken, and lodged in the watch-house. The next morning, he was conducted to Sir William Addington. "For what," said his worship to the thief taker, "do you bring this wretched looking man before me?" "An please your honour," answered Crab, "*for prigging a Jacob from a dunger-dan-ding-drag.*" "What does the fellow mean?" said the justice to his clerk, who had studied the slang dictionary. "This, Sir," replied the clerk, "is what he means—Prigging, is to steal; a Jacob, is a ladder; and a dunger-dan-ding-drag, a night cart—the etymology, Jacob, a ladder, is from the dream of that patriarch, and the rest is High Dutch.

A CARPENTER, in Dorsetshire, was lately employed to make a *pair of Stocks* for the *parish*, for which he charged a good round sum. One of the parochial officers said, "You have made a good deal by that Job!"—"Yes," said Mr. *Chip*, "we *Stock* Jobbers always attend to our own *interest*."

A MORNING PAPER of the 1st instant, referred its readers for an explanation of the expression, "*April Fool*," to the 4th chapter of Joel, and 6th verse.

AN Irishman, lately, being in company where there happened to be some conversation upon the probability of war, gave it as his opinion, that there would certainly be a war; "for," added he, "curse of *Jasus* on those French thieves; they'll never be at *peace* till they are engaged in another *war!*"

AN English gentleman asked an Irishman at Paris, who had resided some years in London, if he did not prefer the *roast beef* of Old England to the ragouts of Paris? "Oh, by ——," cried Paddy, "the very *tune* is worth all the *kickshaws* that ever were born in France!"

ARTISTS, who understand anatomy, are fond of giving us what they call *maps* of the parts of the human body. One of this description, has lately published a *map* of the *foot*. This may be called *toe-pography*.

A PRESS-GANG, lately, coming up to a jolly Hibernian, he exclaimed, "Avast, master Lieutenant! hands off! you would not go to *press a volunteer!* would you? The devil burn me, but they make no such blunders as that in little *Ireland!*"

SPORTING

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

THE course at Newmarket, on the Tuesday of the first meeting, was uncommonly numerously attended. The great allurement was the grand match between Mr. Fletcher's Allegranti and Mr. Whaley's Tuneful, for 2000 guineas. Much betting took place at the post: the odds were five to four in favour of Tuneful. They started at half past two o'clock. Allegranti took the lead, but kept it only for a short time. Tuneful beat her by a distance of several yards, and in great style. *(See Racing Calendar at the conclusion of the present Number.)*

CAPTAIN FLETCHER, the owner of Allegranti, it is said, comes off L.7000 *minus* by the above meeting.

TUESDAY, April 5, the H. H. cup was run for on Worthy Downs, near Winchester, and won by Colonel Cumming's brown gelding, beating four others.

THE annual Easter Plate was run for on Tuesday, on Barham Downs, near Canterbury, and won by Mr. Witherden's bay horse Slip-bye, beating Mr. Hampton's horse Raffle, and Mr. Scovell's brown horse.

THE Hon. Mr. C—v—t—y has at length withdrawn his game action against Sir Robert Harland, for the seizure of his post chaise, laden with hares, partridges, and pheasants!—The gentlemen of the county of Suffolk have requested Sir Robert's permission that they may defray the defence of this curious action, by an open subscription, to mark their opinion of the whole *mesne process* of the transaction!

DURING the present month, Mr. T. Calvert, of Bracebridge, near Lincoln, set off from that village, to ride his poney, only eleven hands high, to Derby and back, being one hundred miles, in the space of twenty-four hours. Mr. Calvert rides eleven stone; yet the little animal performed the journey, with apparent ease, in nineteen hours and three-quarters.

"NEWFOUNDLAND DOGS," says a daily paper, "have ceased to be Bond-Street loungers, since a late melancholy event. There was but one appeared on the promenade yesterday, and he was muzzled. This, however, is deemed only a kind of canine armistice, until it is honourably understood how far dogs may go, without involving the higher orders, that is, their lords and masters, in their quarrels. An arrete is hourly expected to be published, which is to regulate the whole etiquette between the animal and human world, which approach each other, in faculties and sensibilities, much nearer than the ancient philosophers ever dreamt of!—We have the satisfaction, however, to state, that it has already been preliminarily determined, that dogs may growl, and grin at each other, as long as they please, provided

provided they do not snap, without implicating their masters in their dispute, as principals; and that when any cur only shews his teeth, and slinks off, his master may also prudently turn tail, without any impeachment of manhood or honour!

Sir William Hamilton, lately deceased, will be a great loss to the fishermen at Hampton, Shepperton, &c. His pay, while angling for gudgeons, was a guinea *per* day, Lord Nelson was frequently an inactive spectator of his breaking the line!

On Monday morning, April 11, as the servant of Captain Elsted, of the Royal Navy, was driving his master's curricle and pair, turning from Bond-Street into Piccadilly, one of the traces loosened, and touched the horses legs, who being very spirited, plunged, and ran with the greatest violence till they came near the Star in Piccadilly, when the carriage upset, and the driver was thrown to a considerable distance. This was only a momentary check; for, with the curricle turned upside-down, they pursued their career, and were not stopped till they reached Prince's-Street, Leicester-Fields. The servant received by the fall a very dangerous contusion on his head. The curricle was broken to pieces.

The fashionable Mrs. Orde narrowly escaped a fatal accident in driving her curricle, on Thursday April 14. As she was returning to her villa at Bottley, from the British Hotel, in turning the corner into St. James's-Street, from Jermyn-Street, the horses took fright, and ran furiously towards Piccadilly. The lady being unable to govern them with the reins, screamed violently, when fortunately one of the horses stumbled and fell; but, by the gallantry of two gentlemen passing at the moment, the lady was rescued from her perilous situation.

A regular badger-baiting, &c. which has subsisted for a number of years past (not less than seven), in Black Boy Alley, and was regularly attended every Monday evening, by several gentlemen of the hank, in the purlieus of Turnmill-Street, Black Boy Alley, and Chick-Lane, was some time ago suddenly interrupted, and put a final stop to, by an abrupt visit from the police officers belonging to Hatton-Garden.

General Henry Fletcher, of Salton, whose death was lately announced, was Colonel of the 35th regiment; and it is a singular, and perhaps an unprecedented fact, that this regiment has had only two Colonels for eighty-six years. General Otway had the command from July 1717 to August 1764, a period of 47 years; and General Fletcher from that time to March 1803, a period of 39 years. It is further remarkable, that the 35th is the only corps in the service which, since its establishment in 1701, has had only four Colonels. The 67th has lately had three in the space of a fortnight.

Tuesday, April 12, a most furious battle took place between a Chimney Sweep and a Jack Ass Driver, at Gooseberry Fair, which is held on the Easter Holidays, at the end of Tottenham-court-road. After half an hour's hard and obstinate fighting, both being beat to that degree, that neither was able to stand, they were forced to give up any farther contest.

It is stated, in a Daily Paper, as a fact that may be depended on, that a butcher, in the Borough-market, a few days ago, killed a cow, young with calf, in which were no less than nine.

POETRY.

POETRY.

THE HIGH COURT OF DIANA.

EPILOGUE
TO THE
COMEDY OF JOHN BULL.

Sung by Mr. Johnstone.

I'M come here, d'ye see, to do something new,
So I hope you'll allow me a fiddle or two,
At talking I'm strange as the man in the moon;
So if I may *sing* I shall speak more in tune.
Tol de rol, &c.

And methinks now I hear the Critic Men say—
'Tis a trumpery, Bartlemy Fair kind of Play.
It smells strong of Smithfield—that all must allow,
For it's all about Bulls, and the yellow Red Cow.

And yet a good moral the author indites;
For the blessings it paints of an Englishman's Rights:
A Brazier's a man, and the Barristers all
Know that brass has great weight, Sirs, in Westminster-hall.

But still an improbable tale has been told,
That Peregrine swam, Sirs, though loaded with gold;
If he who sinks cash should happen to swim,
Pounds to shillings I'll bett, his cash will not sink him.

But now an excuse comes plump to my sight—
Suppose we should prove, that the Guineas were light;
And to do these sad tricks, Sirs, all men have a hank,
For the Guineas are closely shut up in the Bank!

Then, obeying the dictates of nature's first law,
A delicate female has made a *faux pas;*
But Critics, who to praise, Sirs, are never in haste,
Will, I fear, not agree, that the incident's chaste.

Tom Shuffleton oft may in Bond-street be found,
And if all the Puppies were in Thames to be drown'd,
At this real maxim you need not admire,
For a wager I'll bet, they'll not set it on fire.

Then, Mr. Brulgruddery, and his fat dear,
A sweet pair who agree, Sirs, like Thunder and Beer;
Though Irishmen's jokes are worn out and hack'd,
Yet how charmingly sure Mr. Johnstone did act.

I've given you now the best parts of the play,
Which I hope you'll not drive, Sirs, completely away,
But nightly be suffer'd, with glee, to go on,
By unanimous voice, though I fear not *nem. con.*

Then let us reflect, with pleasure and pride,
On the comforts surrounding each man's Fireside;
At which should the Foe e'er insultingly frown,
May he ne'er want a Poker to knock him flat down.

CRISPIN AND THE CALF.

Versified by Mr. W. Hughes.

WHO has e'er been at Norwood, the Horns must well know;
But whether or not, 'tis no matter I trow;
'Twas the scene of a joke that but lately was play'd
By a jocular wag, a shoemaker by trade.
Fal de ral, &c.

A neighbouring butcher came riding that way,
With a calf on his mare, bought at Smithfield that day:
The weather was hot, he had rode till he sweat,
So he stopp'd at the door, and he call'd for a wet.

Crispin sat at the door, very much in the dumps,
A pair of shoes by him, perhaps they were pumps,
Misfitted, a customer turn'd on his hand;
How to raise the supplies, he was quite at a stand.

But seeing the butcher, a thought struck his mind,
Would the landlord agree, he could soon raise the wind:
So he betted the shoes 'gainst a bob and a jorum,
He'd steal Greasy's calf, tho' 'twas buckl'd before him.

The bet was accepted, away Crispin flew—
The route of the butcher he very well knew—
In a path of this wood, lays one shoe on the ground,
Conspicuously plac'd, to be easily found.

He goes to some distance, puts down t'other shoe,
In a place which the butcher might easily view.
As the butcher came on, the first shoe he espied;
" An odd shoe! I will not stop for it," he cried.

But as he jogg'd on, and espied the other,
" Ah!" says he to himself, " I have just pass'd your brother:"
So the butcher dismounts, leaves the calf on the mare,
As he easily guessed that two shoes made a pair.

Jolly Crispin the meanwhile the calf takes away,
And back to the alehouse returns with his prey:
Philpot owns he has lost, and the jorum is had;
The butcher returns, too, apparently mad.

He storms and he raves, " I am ruin'd," said he,
" I've lost that fine calf, which you just now did see;
The whole was bespoke 'mongst my customers round,
And I'm sure I can't match it for less than four pound."

Says the landlord, " I've one in the stable, d'ye see,
About a week since for a debt left with me,
And if you like the price, then the calf is your own."
" If so," said the butcher, " objection I've none."

The calf was brought forth, and he handled it round:
Says the butcher, " The price?" says the landlord, " Five pound."
" I'll give three pounds for it, it seems like good veal;
Indeed it is smaller than mine a vast deal."

The money was paid, the calf led to the door,
And placed on the mare, as 'twas placed before;

Then

Then the butcher he mounts, and he rides towards home;
But the end of his trouble, it still was to come.

When the butcher came out, Crispin hasten'd away,
And near the old place for the butcher did stay:
Crispin bleats like a calf; says the butcher, "Gad so!
There's the calf which I lost such a short time ago."

He leaps from the mare, and he searches around,
And follows the calf, as he thought, by the sound.
Crispin steals slily round, takes the calf from the mare,
And, once more, he back to the house did repair.

The butcher he searched while searching was good;
At last curs'd the calf, damn'd the shoes and the wood,
Finds his way to his house, turns as white as a post,
When he found that the calf was again by him lost.

He returns to the house, overwhelmed with woe,
And swore that no Christian was ever serv'd so;
When Crispin, afraid lest the joke went too far,
To him the whole matter did truly declare.

The butcher, well pleas'd to find it but a joke,
Call'd a bowl of good punch, when the landlord thus spoke—
"My cellar's no place for a calf I confess;
For in a few minutes it gets so much less."

DEATH OF TOM MOODY,

THE NOTED WHIPPER-IN,

Well known to the Sportsmen of Shropshire.

Composed by William Shield, Esq.—Written by the Author of Hartford-Bridge.

THE following characteristic and spirited Ballad has been sung in private circles with very great success, by Incledon, Shield having composed some excellent music for it, admirably adapted to the fine manly tones of the Performer. The song was written by a gentleman whose talents have often been employed for the gratification of the public in many poetical and dramatic works of acknowledged merit.

YOU all know Tom Moody*, the whipper-in, well;
—The bell just done tolling was honest Tom's knell:
A more able sportsman ne'er follow'd a hound
Thro' a country, well-known to him, fifty miles round:
No hound ever open'd, with Tom near the wood,
But he'd challenge the tone, and cou'd tell if 'twas good:—
And all, with attention, wou'd eagerly mark,
When he cheer'd up the pack—"Hark! to Rockwood, hark! hark!
High!—Wind him! and cross him!
Now Rattler Boy!—Hark!"

Six crafty Earth-Stoppers, in hunter's-green drest,
Supported poor Tom to an "Earth" made for rest:
His horse, which he styl'd his "Old Soul," next appear'd,
On whose forehead the brush of his last fox was rear'd;

* The veteran Sportsman, who is the subject of this ballad, died about seven years since, in the service of Mr. Forrester, of Shropshire. He had been the Whipper-in to that gentleman's pack upwards of thirty years: and the circumstances attending his burial, which are here recorded, have, from their whimsicallity, found a place in Mr. Daniel's celebrated "Rural Sports," vol. i. page 160; and, we believe, in a former number of the Sporting Magazine.

Whip.

Whip, cap, boots, and spurs, in a trophy were bound;
And here and there follow'd an old straggling hound.
Ah!—no more at his voice yonder vales will they trace!
Nor the Wrekin* resound his first burst in the chace!
"With high-over!—Now press him! Tally-ho!—Tally ho!"—

Thus Tom spoke his friends, e'er he gave up his breath—
"Since I see you're resolv'd to be in at the death,
One favour bestow—'tis the last I shall crave,
Give a rattling View Hallo—thrice over my grave:
And unless at that warning I lift up my head,
My boys! you may fairly conclude I am dead!"
—Honest Tom was obey'd, and the shout rent the sky,
For ev'ry voice join'd in the Tally Ho! cry.
"Tally ho!—Hark forward! Tally ho!—Tally ho!"

A NEW PARODY,

FROM

Macbeth, Act II. Scene 2.

IS this a King's Plate I see before me,
Turned tow'rd my hand? Come, let me clasp thee:
I have thee not!——and yet I see thee still
In form as bright as ever racer won.
Thou marshal'st me the way to New-market,
And a horse the instrument I'm to use.
Thy brilliant form's worth my swift gelding,
And I will run him. Send for th' en-graver,
Be on my seal and scutch'on feats of *blood*
Which was not there before. But no such luck:
It was ambition that did antedate
My wish. Now all the fashionable world
Hurry to the course, and, trav'lling all night,
Abjur'd the curtain'd sleep: Now meet the Peers,
Sport-days commence; and the thin-sweated jockey,
Proud of his office, whose daily training
And feeding's kept his weight, with shambling gait
And knowing wink, towards the starting-post
Moves like a deep-one. The full betting-room
Admits my steps, that gently move, for fear;
The very black-legs prate of my hedging off,
Laying my bets, or taking in the queer flats,
And country squires.

J. J. B.

WHO'S AFRAID.

SOONER shall an alderman
Delight in water-gruel,
Than I, with willing mind, will run,
Though I may shoot as sure's a gun,
My head into a duel.

In all, but this, a changing brim,
Custom, O fye upon her!
Requires, with ceremony prim,
That man must venture wind and limb,
To heal his wounded honour.

A lying boaster tells the town
How snug he's with Miss Nelly;
But not a whit more sound is she,
Though I am shot in neck and knee,
Or bullet in my belly.

If Fortune, like an upright judge,
Would deal out retribution,
And the aggressor always fall,
When rogues went out to face a ball,
They'd walk to execution.

While villains share the smiles of chance,
And boast their cap and feather,
Nor sword nor trigger shall I draw;
I'll lock my door, and take the law,
And sleep sound in whole leather.

MERCATOR.

* The famous mountain in Shropshire.